THE COMMONWEAL

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THE BACCALAUREATES

UPON many accounts collegiate commencements should be inspiring occasions that produce from the distinguished men who are college heads burning and pregnant phrases, expressions of thought that have, as it were, been turned over and over for months in the crucible of a scholastic mind, awaiting only the supreme opportunity for their voicing. No thinking men or women can ever have attended such exercises, especially in one of our older universities, where the drama is played out against the background of an ivied past, without being deeply impressed with the pathos that attends the passing of one generation, and the stepping of another into the pleasant places where its life for four years has been wrought out and played out. There is, about graduation, something of the finality and solemnity of death. All the flowers and music with which the valedictory is crowned are but so much myrrh and hyssop heaped upon the poignant wound of a regret. The day that any young man or woman turns a reluctant back upon the elm-shaded campus, the classic groves and playing-fields of alma mater, to face an indifferent world that will put its own harsh values upon the treasure he has been helped to accumulate, is a day of reckoning quite as much as a day of rejoicing. The baccalaureate address should be the viaticum for this departure.

For many reasons, it seldom is. The addresses delivered this year by the heads of our major colleges during commencement week to departing seniors do not assay a very large deposit of new or original thought. They are all dignified utterances, couched in lofty phrasing and concerned with the higher aims of life. So much is vouched for by the character of the speakers. That they contain a balanced ration of warning and encouragement was necessitated by the very nature of the occasion. But to seek in them any sharp challenge of the values against which prophets less dedicated to suavity are raising their voices, anything approaching an arraignment drawn from the disquieting facts observable in political and social life in nearly every civilized country, would be a vain hope. It is the world, and the world as a going concern, that is the topic of our mentors as they gaze upon the faces whose places tomorrow will know them no more.

This is by no means to imply that religion, and all that religion connotes, fail to find an honored place in the valedictory addresses with which the inside pages of our great newspapers have been filled within the past two weeks. Upon all our universities, great and small, an inheritance continues to rest, however weakened and attenuated, of the days when learning took refuge from violence and lawlessness within the

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cloister. How to bequeath this aura of religious sentiment to the problems that beset life in the world outside the campus is, we can well believe, the major task that confronts our college presidents when they ponder the words which outgoing seniors are to carry away as the final pronouncement of an authority that has rested on their youthful heads for four years.

None blinks the fact that it will have to fight for its life. A recognition that the spirit of the age will be found hostile to all the spiritual implications of university teaching is still the outstanding feature of one baccalaureate address after another. "The chief criticism of religion which has come to my attention from many sources," Dr. Hibben tells the graduating class at Princeton, "is that it lacks reality and that there is no natural place for religion amid the real experiences of life." "With some warrant," say Dr. Angell in his speech at Yale, "our age is alleged to be glaringly irreligious, although it is stark indifference rather than aggressive opposition to religion which is its most striking characteristic in many of our social strata." A "dreadful, dull apathy" manifested toward national and international affairs is part of the text of President Sill's sermon at Bowdoin, and President James L. McConaughey, of Wesleyan, in referring to the recent outbreak of student suicide, traces it directly to "the gross materialistic philosophy of life too prevalent today." Even President Lowell, whose address upon the moral values of work is one of the most sunny and encouraging given this year, is forced, as his gaze passes over the privileged youth he is dismissing and falls upon the vast multitude of the ungraduated beyond them, to register a certain ebb of optimism in the classes to whose hard lives the vision of an end that transcends material means is most vitally necessary. "For the great mass of men engaged in manual and mechanical labor," says Harvard's humane executive, "there seems a tendency to revert to the old conception associated with the story of Adam's expulsion from the Garden of Eden, namely, that his sin forced upon him the curse of work, obliging him to earn bread only by the sweat of his face. There is no use in arguing that labor is not a curse by showing that civilization has advanced where work has been necessary to maintain life; for the fact remains that a great many people regard labor as an unfortunate evil." And President Lowell makes it quite clear that those who must work by the sweat of their brain rather than their brow are by no means exempt from this growing despondency.

It is when we turn from the evils recognized to the remedies proposed that we perceive how lightly the definitely religious solution is allowed to rest upon all these problems and with what tact it must be applied lest offense ensue. For Dr. Hibben, it is by racial consciousness and the historical sense that the objections of those who "find no natural place for religion" are to be best met. "We cannot lightly set aside our past," the president of Princeton protests, "and refuse to reckon with it, while we accept from it unconsciously the ideas which establish for us all the standards of character and of conduct. . . ." For these ideas "are a part of a race inheritance which represent the past nineteen centuries of human progress which have been under the direct influence of the Christian religion." President Lowell can see a cure for the restlessness and pessimism of drudgery regarded as a treadmill only in some transcendental "vision of a further end. . . . We enjoy our work because we feel that it is worth doing, and it is worth doing because in some form it will endure. It has a moral value that outlasts the hour when it is done and the man who does it." Dr. Angell's Yale address is, of all those to which extended space has been accorded, the most frank in its call for faith, and that the faith of Christ, as the panacea for contemporary ills. Yet even here, the acceptance of the two main Christian tenets, love of God and of one's neighbor, is viewed first of all as a mental liberation: "To accept the two great principles of Christ's teaching is to free oneself forthwith from all the mean and miserable jealousy arising from a narrow and self-seeking individualism."

Doubtless the occasion of a baccalaureate sermon presents its difficulties as well as its opportunities. It is delivered, not only before youth whom the world has not yet tested, but before alumni who have tested the world pretty thoroughly, and whose achievement, it is no disrespect to say, may rest somewhat remotely upon the following of the evangelical counsels. The desires of these admiring parents and relatives may be various. But it is pretty sure that the throwing of any serious doubt upon the essential value of activities to which the new bachelor will devote himself does not figure among them. The occasional enthusiast may be left to the post-graduate course the world reserves for him. The materialist, who was a materialist before setting foot on yard or campus, and whose position Dr. Mather A. Abbott, of Lawrenceville School, summed up a few months ago as "You cannot prove the other world and you cannot prove God, and the modern generation won't accept anything you cannot prove," will turn only a distracted ear toward the homilies uttered for his benefit on the day he assumes the toga virilis. In between the two must be many whose imagination and conscience have been stirred during four years of unimpeded reading and discussion, and who realize that sooner or later the roads leading to God or Mammon will confront them and exact a choice. How far the general directions to which they listened on the last day of their academic course will be an assistance then depends on many things, among them personal character and that mysterious entity, a vocation. But the discovery may also be made that beyond a certain point ethics, even ethics adorned with the Christian ideology, becomes a poor guide, and that those terrible brothers, dogma and discipline, who make only a poor showing in baccalaureate addresses, were the saviours predestined.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE world's second effort to lessen competition in naval armament has stirred up a great deal of excitement in Geneva. It is well to remember that this is not caused by visionary outlines of imminent universal peace. The separate governments are represented by practical diplomats and navy men who are trying to settle a difficult problem. A modern armada costs a great deal of money which public opinion, anxious to avoid hostilities, is unwilling to pay. Prudence suggested, therefore, a common agreement under the terms of which no power would force others to carry out undesirable building programs. This was signed at Washington some years ago. Navy men immediately began, however, to see how good a navy they could develop within the limits established. They found that such matters as the age of fighting craft, the total tonnage, the ratio of one kind of vessel to others, made a great deal of difference from the admiralty point of view. Could they be settled so as to avoid an intensive competition almost as costly as the older expansive competition? To this question the three powers have given different answers. There seems to be radical divergence between the British and American points of view. In all likelihood, however, a settlement will be effected on the basis of compromise, because whether they enjoy doing so or not the naval authorities must reckon with that economy upon which public opinion insists. Thus, even if the present conference is not immediately a step toward peace, it does testify to the influence which the people now possess over preparation for war. The navies of the world are by no means unnecessary or obsolete; but they are really tending to become less of an incentive to strife, less of a provocation in themselves, than they were at the close of the great war.

EVERY director of conscience knows that a smart moral shock sometimes works good, if only because it registers the distance that has been traversed away from old landmarks once unhesitatingly accepted. Such a shock seems to have reached the public in certain statements attributed to an Episcopal pastor of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and twisted, it is now alleged, by slovenly reporting, into a positive recommendation of liaisons not even blessed by the Romany concession to seemliness of jumping in pairs over a tribal broomstick. The balance of the comment upon "companionate marriages" seems to show that our people are not yet ready to condone unions that advertise their transient nature in advance. On the other hand, considerable countenance comes from rather high quarters on the Reverend Mr. Lewis's later emendation of his words to a plea for "dispassionate consideration and discussion of the findings of modern science and psychology" in relation to morals, and on what is at least his tentative suggestion for a two-year term before "legalization." Surprise is not in order and only those need rub their eyes who have been keeping them closed. The unhappy distinction of this country is not so much the volume of its divorces as the reputability that has been gradually permitted to invest divorce. Every man and woman of the world knows of the sordid stories that lurk behind such comparatively innocuous phrases as "incompatibility" and "desertion." They are mere euphemisms masking the real danger and decay that is gradually overtaking family life. The social category that prattles familiarly about "the findings of modern science and psychology" might be able to carry out Mr. Lewis's counsels of despair without ensuing tragedy. How they would work in the far larger class that feels rather than thinks is to be gathered by a glance, any morning, at the more lethal columns of the daily press.

"WHY fall Thy singers into fate?" This questioning prayer which Mr. Shane Leslie once sent up in behalf of the poet is now on the lips of everybody who really cares for such Catholic writers as still live in America. This species of writer has, indeed, almost died out, as species will die whenever they lack nourishment. Who can estimate the burden of poverty and oblivion, cavil and empty words of praise, which the majority of definitely Catholic writers have borne? Now at length comes a suggestion which if realized will for the first time lead to something truly constructive in their behalf. The Catholic Press Association proposes to establish a fund the proceeds from which will form several burses to reward the writers found to have done the best literary work, in any one of a number of fields, during the year. At present the

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details have, naturally enough, not been arranged in full; but if the machinery can ever be made to function it will undoubtedly mean that the position of the Catholic writer in America will be much better than it has ever been. The functioning depends upon the generosity of those who can be interested in the plan. It is now the hope of the Catholic Press Association that a sufficient number of "life memberships" can be secured to supply the fund. We can only add that the idea seems to us not only the most practical advanced during a long, long time, but even indispensable to the continued flourishing of Catholic literary expression.

ISSUED by that wide-awake concern, the Research Department of the Foreign Policy Association, a pamphlet by Dr. Max Winkler entitled America the World's Banker makes striking reading. The mere figures which illustrate the reversal that has taken place in the financial relations between the United States and foreign countries are staggering. In 1914, we are told, this country was indebted to Europe to the extent of $5,000,000,000 and our investments abroad totaled only $2,500,000,000. Today the debt is not only obliterated but converted into a credit of $13,000,000,000, this exclusive of the rather speculative "political debts" which account for a further $11,000,000,000. The figures can be left to those who find exaltation in such things to ponder at will. Of more interest to the political thinker is a significant fact noted by Dr. Winkler in referring to the brake upon investments abroad which the government in its wisdom has applied since 1922.

LAZARD FRÈRES of New York, he tells us, were not permitted to underwrite a Brazilian coffee loan with excellent security. But this did not prevent Lazard Brothers of London from undertaking and carrying out the financial operation. Lee Higginson of New York could not float a German potash loan in this market, but "Higginson and Company of London underwrote the issue." Far more important than the $10,000,000 which American investors are reported to have lost through this technicality is the evidence offered that finance today knows no geographical boundaries, and that while the international enthusiast in terms of peoples never had rougher weather to contend with for his theories, that very practical dreamer the investment banker is busy doing his work for him, but doing it his own way and with very different ends in view.

NOW that the third American trans-Atlantic flier is waiting to whirl off toward resounding welcomes, it is not out of place to wonder whether we who know relatively nothing about propellers, wings and their management can ever be safely transported to Europe in a day or so. Clearly the Byrd plane is a better reason for hopeful thinking than the Spirit of St. Louis. We respect the latter highly, but as a means of conveyance it meets with certain obvious objections. These the newer ship has not entirely overcome, but it is truly a marvel of mechanistic contrivance and arrangement. The builders honestly believe it may be the first step toward the construction of a practical air fleet. Similarly, German mechanicians, working at Friedrichshafen under the direction of the great Dornier, are convinced that planes serviceable for trans-Atlantic flight are going to be developed soon. The Superwal, for instance, is a giant craft developing horse-power more than sufficient to support its weight and sixty passengers besides. Indeed it is said that the Germans, and to some extent also the Italians, consider that the practical utility of air travel will ultimately lie in the establishment of communication between continents. Perhaps that is why Udet, the German ace, plans to follow almost the same course taken by De Pinedo. Flying by stages to the Azores, the Bermudas and the United States seems a great deal more like sober travel than trying to cross the Atlantic in one brave swoop.

NOT so many people know that among the societies which associate colored people in the United States and work for their betterment there is an organization known as the Federated Colored Catholics. Its aim "shall be to bring about a closer union and better feeling among all Catholic Negroes; to advance the cause of Catholic education throughout the Negro population; to seek to raise the general status of the Negro in the Church; and to stimulate Catholic Negroes to a larger participation in racial and civic affairs of the various communities and of the whole country." Surely that is an excellent and comprehensive program. What is being done to put it into practice? The Federation itself functions under the auspices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and in addition to its organization routine sponsors such things as dramatic and musical festivals. Education has been advanced through the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, to which Negroes themselves have contributed not only energy and intelligence but also large sums of money.

FINALLY, the task of influencing public opinion has been undertaken by the Council Review, a magazine edited by Mr. Francis Spriggs, of Washington, D. C., and interested in printing news which concerns colored Catholics in America. Frankly we were surprised to find the little journal better than almost anything of a similar character issued in this country by white Catholics. The Negroes themselves, however, regard it as a preliminary step toward the establishment of an organ able to take rank with the best of the general publications issued by their race. This is a worthy ideal which will some day be realized. It suggests, however, that the status of the Negro in this country is changing in a way which the Catholic body generally does not seem to realize and with which too few are ready to coöperate. More charity is sorely needed.

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PHILADELPHIA became an archdiocese in 1875. This date also coincides roughly with the beginnings of a wider, deeper interest on the part of Pennsylvania Catholics in general problems of religion, scholarship and culture. How such concerns gained renown for a number of good lay writers is, perhaps, better known than the efforts of several leaders among the clergy. And yet who could write the intellectual history of the Philadelphia archdiocese without rendering homage to the work of two priests, Father Herman Heuser and Father Francis Siegfried? Both have been discerning and reverent theologians, men of culture and generous disposition. They were close friends during more than fifty years, until the death of Father Siegfried last month ended a work that had never swerved from an unusually noble course. Since then the Ecclesiastical Review, long since grown indispensable to the Catholic clergy and to many besides, has briefly announced the retirement of Father Heuser from the editorship. The magazine will, of course, go on, under the guidance of Dr. William Kerby, whose work at the Catholic University is ample proof of his ability. Nevertheless one cannot help feeling that the retirement of Father Heuser, who was teaching Latin in the ecclesiastical seminary in 1873, marks the end of a cycle. Something very fine is going which will be difficult to replace—a something of the spirit, blending scholarship with charity and knowledge of men, which can be found only in the great. We who mourn with Father Heuser the loss of a friend know, however, that his apostolate will continue bravely, usque ad finem.

AMERICAN sportsmanship, which has a meagre reputation abroad as regards the consideration it shows losers, is redeeming itself nobly over ex-champion Dempsey. The persistence of the Dempsey legend in a country where deposition is so readily taken for granted is rather curious, but we believe that one or two facts go far to explain it. The first is that expert ring prophecy received a blow upon September 23 from which it is still reeling, and that the prospect of capitalizing a reversal which will restore its credit is too tempting to be resisted. Another is that the Dempsey personality makes a very special appeal to the psychology of the group that follows boxing eagerly. The cheery young marine, who took an honest share in danger where his thews and muscles would avail him nothing, is likable rather than impressive. It is even whispered of him that he has been seen reading books of a serious nature. If any rumor as damaging to Dempsey's reputation has been unearthed, his supporters have succeeded in suppressing it. But the lethal scowl, the deadly seriousness, the entire absorption of this terrific fighting organism in the business of bash, are grateful things to a generation that likes scale and specialization. If the famous meeting between David and Goliath at catch-weights could be arranged today, we make no doubt that not only the odds, but public favor, too, would be found going the way of the big walloper from Philistia. The Judaea boy's victory would not be a very popular one. The sling and pebble from the brook would strike the crowd at best as an impudent interference with the law that bulk must be served.

CRIES of affliction are reaching us from over-prosperous Hollywood, where one of the largest motion-picture producers recently announced a 10 percent cut in salaries. The first flag of distress is being hoisted above an industry whose glitter has surpassed many mints of gold. What does this mean? Has the Niagara of nickels and dimes stopped pouring into the bungalows near Los Angeles? Or are the movies simply awakening from a glowing dream? The truth seems to be that economic laws are much better friends to art than most people admit. We have sat patiently through orgies of bad taste in the movies and wondered how the still small voice of art could hope to be heard above the din. Lavish expenditure for its own sake was the producers' slogan of the day. That first principle of art—restraint—could not survive the golden flood. But now comes the judgment! A magnate declares "the net income from pictures is not sufficient because costs have mounted far too high." The pocket nerve begins to twitch. Its throbs will do what the protests of intelligence and taste could never effect. Who know? Thanks to the service which economics may render to art, we may even see a spectacle film that will not be widely advertised as "the costliest production on earth."

COPERNICUS seldom comes under notice in anti-Catholic discussion, yet his case is very interesting. An article in Science calls attention to the fact that there is a fine copy of the original issue of his work De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium in the New York Public Library. It appeared in 1543, the publication having long been delayed, not, as often suggested, for fear of ecclesiastical censure, but because its author thought that his theory would bring down ridicule upon him. It was at the urgent request of Cardinal Schomberg and Giese, then Bishop of Culm, that his book was published, and under dedication to Pope Paul III. Luther and Melanchthon both united in abusing the book but until the time of Galileo no word of condemnation came from the Church. Then, seventy years after its issue and as a result of the Galileo episode, it was placed on the Index, but only donec corrigetur. Nine corrections were made in the book which, as the Science article states, made it "read as a hypothesis rather than a thesis." That is precisely what it was, for neither Copernicus nor Galileo had made out a scientific case for the heliocentric theory. After the nine corrections had been made, the reading of the book was permitted, though for some reason it was not formally removed from the Index until 1758.

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IN AID OF EDUCATION

THE attractiveness of education in our day is only one of many reasons why the development of schools having the spirit of religion must be urged. Other causes—the influence which naturally accrues to professional men and women in a democratic country, the necessity for allying notable scientific, literary and artistic gifts with the service of religion, if the authoritative expression of contemporary human advancement is not to be wholly anti-ecclesiastical—also force the educational problem into the limelight. Several methods for dealing with it have been proposed. Sometimes men committed to one have been so firmly convinced that it alone was adequate that they have violently condemned others. The old truth that any method which in itself is not evil and which produces good results can safely be pursued according to the circumstances prevailing, seemed in some danger of being ignored in the discussion of education from a religious point of view.

In so far as this matter is Catholic, new light of great value has been thrown upon it by a recent action of the Congregation of the Holy Office. Before proceeding to outline this action, it is well to bear in mind that it applies only to Canada, where the Catholic population is differently distributed and circumstanced than in the United States, if we except certain regions of the South and far West. One should note also that it is incorrect to infer from such an action anything like a general principle or a canonical norm. These things having been remembered, we may go on to note that during 1926 the Archbishop of Edmonton, convinced of the need for higher education among Catholics and aware also of the impossibility of developing an existing Catholic college to anything like the size and complexity required, inquired of the Sacred Congregation of Studies whether this college might be connected with the flourishing University of Alberta under certain specific conditions. These conditions had to do chiefly with the teaching of courses in history, religion and other subjects involving a relation to the Catholic faith. During June of 1926 the Congregation of the Holy Office, to which the question had been referred, replied affirmatively; and now, just one year later, the news comes that the new college has been completed and placed under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. To a considerable extent, the building was made possible by a generous gift from the Carnegie Foundation, with which the Archbishop of Edmonton had been in touch years before, when he was planning the erection of a great inter-denominational university in the maritime provinces.

This development is interesting enough in itself, meaning as it does association of Catholic education with a state university, but to it there must now be added another which is perhaps even more significant. Ever since 1920, the governing board of Saint Mary's College, which is conducted in Halifax by the Irish Christian Brothers, has been interested in seeing whether the institution could be made to serve those who wished to follow professional studies, which the college was not in a position to offer. A query was submitted to the proper Roman authorities with a view to determining whether association of some sort with Dalhousie University, the leading secular institution in Nova Scotia, might be effected. The first statement of the plan suffered by reason of the vagueness with which certain important details had been worked out; but in 1924 the Archbishop of Halifax submitted to the Sacred Congregation a complete statement regarding the educational needs of Catholics in his diocese and again suggested some kind of an arrangement with Dalhousie. This implied, of course, Catholic association with a privately conducted secular university, of the same type as Harvard.

The governing board of Saint Mary's College renewed its appeal during 1926, drawing attention to the fact that the situation had grown even more acute. This time the matter was referred to the Congregation of the Holy Office, with the result that the following decision, bearing the date of April 30, 1927, was dispatched to the Archbishop of Halifax by the proper authority: "Having maturely considered the petition in which Your Grace requested that to Dalhousie University might be affiliated Saint Mary's College, which is the property of the archdiocese and is directed by the Congregation of Christian Brothers, I felt it my duty to submit the question to the judgment of the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office. The Eminent Cardinal-Secretary of this Supreme Council in a letter of the seventh instant informed me that in a Plenary Council held on March 30, the Eminent Fathers, having examined the reasons set forth by Your Grace and the statement of the Procurator-General of the Christian Brothers, decreed: 'The reply given on June 16 to the query proposed by the Ordinary of Edmonton may be applied in the present case.' "

It is, of course, much too early to speculate upon the effect that will follow the putting into practice of this decision. Nevertheless the new ruling obviously does remove from the Catholics affected a great burden and handicap. They are now enabled to take advantage of educational facilities offered by the community without sacrificing the good that comes from solid religious teaching of those branches of general culture which vitally concern the faith. With a decision so reasonable and practical as this, everyone ought surely to be satisfied. Meanwhile, however, it is well to see clearly that the decree has reference to special needs and conditions. The principle that wherever specifically religious institutions of higher learning are practicable and sufficient to supply the need they are eminently more desirable than other arrangements, seems to remain firm. Even so, the clear voice of Rome is likely to dispel certain uncharitable sharpnesses in contemporary educational controversy.

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WHAT IS DISTRIBUTISM?

By THEODORE MAYNARD

IT IS a very awkward word, at any rate, and not much of an improvement upon the "distributivism" of the days when I was writing for the old New Witness. But despite its unattractiveness as a label, it defines accurately: Distributism is the system of widely distributed property. What some ignorant people suppose socialism to be—that distributism is.

For a more formal statement of its doctrines one has to go to Hilaire Belloc's Servile State rather than directly to Gilbert K. Chesterton's recently published book, The Outline of Sanity.* For Chesterton is seeking to establish Belloc's thesis: "If we do not restore the institution of property we cannot escape restoring the institution of slavery; there is no third course." The Servile State, upon its publication in 1912, was very generally misunderstood, and has been neglected. I venture to think that it is one of the most important works, in its own field, of our day. But it is hard reading, consisting, as it does, for the most part of severe definition. Mr. Belloc exhibits the institution of slavery and the servile basis of all the states of the ancient world, pointing out how these were accepted as normal and eternal; he shows how slavery was gradually dissolved by the influence of the Christian faith until the mediaeval system of widely distributed property was established throughout Christendom; that this was wrecked, just as it approached completion, in those sections of Europe that supported Protestantism, and that there was substituted for it, "in practice though not in legal theory," a society based upon capitalism.

Mr. Belloc then proceeds to show how capitalism is of its nature unstable because of its failure to guarantee sufficiency and security to the mass of men, and how it consequently necessitates the establishment of some system that does provide the sufficiency and security human nature demands. These can be obtained only in one of three ways: collectivism, distributism (that is, the reëstablishment of a system "in which the mass of citizens should severally own the means of production") or slavery. He sees clearly enough that, should slavery be restored, the word "slavery" may never be used—even that the slave may not be owned, as under the older systems, by a particular master. The mark of the servile state appears, however, when a whole class is compelled by positive law to work for the advantage of another non-servile class. Centuries of Christian tradition have bred in us a strong distaste of openly advocating slavery; accordingly—in view of the increasing instability of capitalism—men, when they do not react to distributism, must turn to the ideal of collectivism. But in practice every attempt to achieve collectivism will inevitably fail to do more—since collectivism is the fruit of capitalism—than bring about a compromise in which security and sufficiency are indeed gained, but which leaves the real control of property in the hands of its capitalistic possessors. And sufficiency and security are to be won only by a progressive series of bargains which must necessarily result in a progressive decline of status for the proletariat: and the inevitable end of collectivism working upon a capitalist society is the reëstablishment of the servile state.

I am aware that this must sound merely academic—perhaps even preposterous—in American ears. The United States is now enjoying, and will no doubt for some time continue to enjoy because of its unique economic position—with its enormous natural resources and comparatively uncrowded population—an unprecedented prosperity. Moreover the war left America the only real victor among the combatant nations. But England, not America, is the typical capitalist state. Capitalism originated in England; and industrialism—wherever it has taken hold in the world—has been fashioned upon the English model. There have been minor developments elsewhere, particularly American mass production; but these are obviously limited: quantitative production cannot go on indefinitely, and when the saturation point is reached even America will be faced with an economic crisis. Those Americans—and they include practically all Americans—who are now living in a fools' paradise would do well to turn their eyes to a contemplation of the case of England.

Those who are incurable fools will probably say that England's case is due to the war. The war, however, merely served to reveal the weakness of what had been until then the most powerful and the richest nation on earth: it did not create that weakness. And that weakness is the most critical thing that has confronted the country since the Reformation, which was the ultimate cause of it. Capitalism there has broken down, and men do not know where to turn for a solution of their economic problems.

The situation might have been mitigated, if instead of the ruinous and dishonorable system of "Danegeld"—the weekly doles meted out to so large a proportion of the people—schools of industrial training had been set up for the benefit of the boys who had spent what should have been the period of their apprenticeship in the army, and who returned home (often with an officer's rank to incapacitate them still further) to find themselves unemployable. But this could have been no more than a mitigation, though a considerable one. Even had the English politicians the wisdom to

The Outline of Sanity, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

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effect it, England's position would still be desperate. As it is, they are reduced to the dishonest attempt of creating an atmosphere of false optimism and to hoping that somehow or other the country will "muddle through." But every realist—even Dean Inge, who always thinks in terms of the most rigid capitalism—understands the situation. The "Gloomy Dean" has, at least in this instance, the right to be gloomy.

Mr. Chesterton is more of a realist than Dean Inge, for he perceives not only the crisis but a way of escape. Yet he does not offer distributism as an easy solution. He says: "I have nowhere suggested that there is any way of winning without fighting." And he quotes Stevenson's Captain Wicks apropos of his own scheme: "Safe! Of course it's not safe! It's a beggarly chance to cheat the gallows." But distributism is the only chance. "We are not choosing," he says, 'between a possible peasantry and a successful commerce. We are choosing between a peasantry that might succeed and a commerce that has already failed."

But the case is really stronger than that. England has had, like all Christian countries, a peasantry that has been a success, a peasantry which did not fail because of any inherent weakness, but which was destroyed—though no doubt unintentionally—by the blunder of the Reformation. A similar peasantry still exists in other European countries. I shall never forget how I once sat in Mr. Chesterton's study, in a chair that had belonged to Charles Dickens, while he explained his own development. He said:

> When I was a very young man I was naturally horrified by the poverty of the slums, and, because I could see no solution of the problem except the socialist one, I used to recite solemnly the formula about the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange. But it never really appealed to my heart. When I was a child my favorite book was Robinson Crusoe, because its hero had saved so many real pieces of property from the wreck; my favorite occupation was drawing a man surrounded by as many pieces of his personal property as I could crowd upon the paper. And later, when in desperation I professed myself a socialist, I still made up for myself, as a kind of impossible fairy-tale, a person whom I called a peasant proprietor. As I knew at that time of no other country except England, this remained merely a fairy-tale until I met Belloc, who told me my imaginary peasant proprietor existed by the thousands in Europe.

The crux of the question is whether he can exist again in England. He must exist again, or it is all up with England. The country cannot continue any longer, as the war has shown, in dependence (England which was once the most independent of countries!) upon food supplies from abroad that may be cut off by submarine warfare, and upon a thread of foreign trade that tends to grow more and more tenuous. Goldsmith wrote:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
> Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

But Goldsmith, though he saw the facts, did not understand their causes. Another Protestant, who deplored the economic consequences of the Reformation with his whole being, the great Cobbett, never lost hope in the restoration of the peasantry. And we need not lose hope. The instinct for ownership, the appetite for a country life, may be buried very deeply in the mass of the English poor; but they must be there, since even these wretched creatures are still men. The problem is how to bring this instinct and appetite into the consciousness of the people.

Throughout the present economic conflict industrialism is disastrously taken for granted by both sides; the battle is over wages, not over ownership. And that is an issue which must be fatal to labor. If the demand can be shifted from the nationalization of mines and railways to their ownership by the miners and the railwaymen, I believe that labor can win. The shifting of the demand will no doubt take the form of a change from socialism to syndicalism; but though syndicalism has a bad name it is not very far removed from the old guild system, and is perhaps as close as we can get under present conditions to anything resembling a guild.

But even with the most complete control and direct responsibility of labor in factories, mines and railways, it would still be imperative to get a considerable number of people back to agriculture. It does not seem to me that it could be done, as Mr. Chesterton supposes, by blowing a trumpet and announcing a national crisis and calling for volunteers who would vow themselves to agriculture. But I think it could be done by winning first in the industrial field, and then by extending the principles of coöperation and ownership to farming. And that for the reason that in industry a comparatively speedy organization of attack is possible, whereas Mr. Chesterton's farmers, even though they should answer his trumpet in large numbers—which is unlikely just now—would be isolated units and as such highly vulnerable.

There are those who take the line that it is impossible to get men back to the country because rural life is so much duller than urban life. The lure of gaiety in the great cities is described by Chesterton:

> It means that a man, when he has done turning a handle, has a choice of certain pleasures offered him. He can, if he likes, read a newspaper and discover with interest how the Crown Prince of Fontarabia landed from the magnificent yacht Atlantis amid a cheering crowd; how certain American millionaires are making great financial consolidations; how the modern girl is a delightful creature, in spite of (or because of) having shingled hair or short skirts; and how the true religion . . . consists of social progress and marrying, divorcing, or burying everybody without reference to the precise meaning of the ceremony. On the other hand, if he prefers some other

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> amusement, he may go to the cinema, where he will see a very vivid and animated scene of the crowds cheering the Crown Prince of Fontarabia after the arrival of the yacht Atlantis; where he will see an American film featuring the features of American millionaires, with all those resolute contortions of visage which accompany their making of great financial consolidations; where there will not be lacking a charming and vivacious heroine, recognizable as a modern girl by her short hair and short skirts; and possibly a kind and good clergyman (if any) who explains in dumb show, with the aid of a few printed sentences, that true religion is social sympathy and progress and marrying and burying people at random.

And exactly the same pabulum will be offered in the drama and the popular novel and the radio program. "There is thus indeed a very elaborate and well-ordered choice placed before him, in the means of entertainment." Whereas in the country he would be reduced to the ignominy of entertaining himself, possibly by the shameful method of conversation with his neighbors in the village inn. Well might Mr. Chesterton caustically remark, "With the merely mechanical alternative offered at present, I think that even the slavery of his labor would be light compared to the grinding slavery of his leisure."

But here is the difficulty. Capitalism is not merely a hideous piece of injustice; it has succeeded, in combination with the industrialism which has been its product, in altering the shape of men's minds. Slavery reposed upon the acceptance of the institution by the slave quite as much as upon the imposition of the institution by the master. And capitalism and industrialism combined have effected a gradual change in the minds of present-day Englishmen. The things have revealed their practical weakness in "this more enlightened England, in which the employee is living on a dole from the state and the employer on an overdraft at the bank." But their spiritual effect remains. It is from this iron ring, and not from any economic necessity, that England must break unless England is to perish. Yet I share with Mr. Chesterton the hope that England will emerge safely, a hope founded, not upon any nonsense of the bulldog qualities of the Island race, but upon the firm belief that Englishmen will ultimately see that their economic system is no more than an unconscious historic blunder.

THE IMPERIAL SHIPS

By BEATRICE GUGLIELMI

THE Emperor Caius Caesar, called Caligula on account of the military boots which he used to wear, gave the order to build the ships that are now going to be refloated from the bottom of the lake of Nemi.

The Emperor suffered from terrible insomnia that filled his long nights with the ghosts of his unbalanced mind. Perhaps he had a premonition of his tragic end, when the clear moon shining through the brocaded curtains of his gilded bed pictured horrors which really happened. He longed to escape from Rome and the revelry of the court, to dwell in a secluded spot. The peace of the lake of Nemi, its sylvan shadows among the rustling reeds, the gentle ripple of the water, attracted him. He hoped to enjoy there quiet slumbers which would bring oblivion to his agitated mind. Therefore he gave the order to construct a marvelous state barge which would stand in the centre of the lake like an enchanted palace. Marbles were sent from Greece, carpets from Persia, purple and embroidered stuff from the East. Scores of slaves worked night and day on its construction, and when it was ready the royal owner trod the mosaic pavement smiling and satisfied. This wonderful ship was seventy-one metres long and twenty-four and one-half metres wide; another subsidiary ship, sixty-four metres by twenty, for the imperial household, flanked it.

History does not inform us if Morpheus gave to the Emperor the long-desired rest, or if he passed his vigil on the luxurious deck, looking at the stars silently floating in the azure sky. At any rate, his idea was not new. Others before him had spent months, even years, on gilded barges. We know that Ptolemy Philopator, king of Egypt, Hieron II of Syracuse, and Cleopatra, had their luxurious galleys and lived in these floating palaces. And after Caligula's time, other instances are found. Even during the renaissance certain Italian dukes passed a part of each year on the rivers—for instance, Borso d'Este on the Po, Ludovico Gonzaga on the Mincio, and the Venetian Doges on the Grand Canal.

Untold wonders are related concerning the imperial barges. Especially famous was the one that Nero lent to his mother, Agrippina, when he tried to kill her at Bauli. Anicetus, the admiral of the fleet, was compelled to be the instrument of the murder by pretending to wreck the ship. Farrar describes it thus in his historic tale, Darkness and Dawn:

> The gay canopy over the Empress had been weighted with lead and so contrived that by the pulling of a rope it could be freed from its supports. . . . Down it rushed upon the heads of the unsuspecting victims. . . . Only a few of the sailors shared the hideous secret with Anicetus, and as the machinery had failed to act—for the loosing of the canopy ought to have been accompanied by the dissolution of the vessel—they rushed to the larboard in order to upset the boat by their weight. . . .

We know how the unfortunate Empress, wounded in the shoulder, threw herself into the water. She was

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picked up by the shallops of Titus, who was enjoying with friends a moonlight night on the sea, and who conveyed her to the landing-place of her villa near the Lucrino lake.

The rich triclinium of Caligula's barge was surrounded by terraces, on which a winter garden of rare flowers had been reared. Trees were cut into the shapes of animals, as was the fashion at that time. The bedrooms were numerous, and even sacelli—cells—were provided, for the cult of the gods. Fountains spouted in high jets which fell into basins of porphyry, cleverly disposed around the deep couches set on board for the pleasure of the Emperor and his guests. Perhaps mingled with the monotonous singsong of the water they heard the hidden voice of the mourning Egeria, whose fountain stands in the groves by the lake.

Did the wonderful imperial barge last for a long time after Caligula's assassination? Historians do not say, but the bronzes which were extracted in 1895 seem to show that it was not so. They are in perfect condition, and of course this would not have been possible if the galley had been exposed for centuries to the inclemency of the seasons. Little by little it must have lost its splendor. Covered with water and tossed by the storm, one day a part of it must have given way, and when they tried to drag it to the shore, it swayed, tottered like an old thing, and went to the bottom. Since that time many efforts have been made to refloat it, but all were in vain, and, I daresay, did actual harm. Irony of fate! That gorgeous abode which was erected to give calm to a restless emperor has been lying for centuries upon the muddy bottom of the lake, perfectly quiet except when humanity disturbed its sleep.

The remembrance of the sunken galleys was transmitted from generation to generation among both the learned class and the poor folk. Fishermen now and then searched, and extracted fragments of the two ships. During the renaissance the beauty of the lost masterpieces gripped the minds of the lovers of archaeology, and Cardinal Prospero Colonna conceived the idea of refloating them. It was at the beginning of the fifteenth century when he gave the order to Leon Battista Alberti to do the work. This famous architect, the precursor of Leonardo da Vinci, gladly accepted the difficult task. He placed some empty caskets on the lake which acted like bridges, supporting machines from which hung strong ropes. At the end of these, iron hooks were attached. Clever sailors, sent from Genoa, dived and hooked the ships, but when the ropes were pulled, the frame of the imperial galley split, and only a few fragments were detached. Great was the disappointment of Leon Battista Alberti. But he understood the fruitlessness of further efforts, and, sorry for the ship which had been maimed through his own fault, he tried no more.

A century passed, and the hope of reconquering the lost galleys dawned upon the mind of Francesco De Marchi, military architect and engineer. He was the first to use the scafandro, invented by Guglielmo di Lorena, who himself dived in. It was a kind of box reaching to the waist, but on account of the pressure of the water, the diver could not work with his implements when he had reached the ship. Like Alberti, De Marchi also used in his search the system of floating caskets placed one near the other, forming a bridge, and fixed on it a powerful windlass, which pulled the rope tied to a boat near the shore. The account reads:

> We collected so much wood that it was a heavy load for two mules, and we extracted also a big square of red enameled pavement. We were seventeen men to work at the windlass, but the cords gave way, and thus we had to stop.

It was indeed a providential failure. They had caused enough damage with their unsuitable hooks!

Three centuries lapsed, and the world seemed to have forgotten the existence of the buried ships. Then in 1827, Annesio Fusconi was at them again, using the same destructive method. He had the bad luck to encounter a terrible storm which raged most wildly on the placid lake of Nemi. Work had to be stopped immediately, and when on the following morning they went back to the spot where the wood had been collected, they found that it had disappeared.

The last attempt was made in 1895 by Eliseo Borghi. He made a contract with the Prince Orsini, owner of that part of the lake where the ships lie. The Italian government, trusting to his skill, granted the permission, and divers went down, carrying to the surface rare marbles, precious metals, and the most elaborate figures in bronzes. Amongst them were a magnificent lion's head, which evidently had adorned a column for the moorings, some wolves' heads, an enormous Medusa's face, the expression of which is strikingly similar to the models. These discoveries are now at the Museo delle Terme in Rome.

Since 1895 the government has forbidden private researches, and has also been inclined to declare the lake a state property. Projects for refloating, some possible, some impossible, have been submitted from many parts of the civilized world. It seems out of the question that the ships can be extricated from the bottom of the lake, which in the centre is twenty-two metres deep. Therefore the only way is to divert the drift of the current into the lake of Albano, by means of a canal, and then extract the ships from their muddy holes.

Premier Mussolini recently announced his intention of refloating the imperial ships. The work will begin immediately, and he hopes that in a year and a half it will be completed. The sum of $8,000,000 is required for the digging, the drying of the lake, and the construction of a museum to shelter the ships. They are to stay in the same locality where the Romans of yore dragged them in triumph many centuries ago.

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ON KEEPING OUR HEROES ORTHODOX

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THE proposal emanating from Athens that the courts of Greece grant a new trial to the late Mr. Socrates suggests the desirability of a periodic revision of lists of national heroes. Some such revision is badly needed in the United States today. Quite obviously the doctrines enunciated by certain of the more sacrosanct of our national heroes are fundamentally opposed to the theory and practice of current exponents of the art of government. It may be regarded as axiomatic that a national hero embodies in his actions and words the nation's principles of government and behavior. Hence, when the nation's principles change, the hero should be deposed.

As the first step toward a thorough clearing out of obsolete heroes, it is hereby suggested that deportation proceedings be instituted forthwith against the Honorable Thomas Jefferson of Virginia. Because of Mr. Jefferson's social standing, and inasmuch as he was born in America, it may not be practicable to deport him summarily upon the order of some clerk in the Department of Labor. It is barely possible that—as a last resort, of course—recourse may be had to the courts. If such should be the case, perhaps what follows may be of value as the basis of an indictment against the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Since deportation is proposed, the logical place to begin the indictment is with a discussion of Mr. Jefferson's attitude on the admission or exclusion of persons desiring to enter or leave the United States. On this subject it may be alleged with truth that in November, 1793, while Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Citizen Genet:

> Our country is open to all men, to come and go peaceably, when they choose.

The specterphobe administration of the Department of State, which took part in the Saklatvala and Karolyi incidents, would undoubtedly consider the sentence just quoted as sufficient cause for Mr. Jefferson's deportation without the taking of more evidence. But more is available. In 1781, while he was Governor of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson in a formal proclamation over the Great Seal of the Old Dominion declared:

> It has been the wise policy of these states to extend the protection of their laws to all those who should settle among them, of whatsoever nation or religion they might be, and to admit them to a participation or the benefits of civil and religious freedom; and the benevolence of this practice, as well as its salutary effects, renders it worthy of being continued in future times.

However, the most damning of his utterances, in the light of present practice and policy, was contained in a letter written from Paris in 1787 to Colonel Richard Claiborne. The correspondence had to do with a proposal to obtain foreign tenants for the western lands—on the theory that a barrier would thus be raised against the Indians, who would not discriminate between foreign and native scalps. Mr. Jefferson wrote:

> The best [tenants] are foreigners who do not speak the language. Unable to communicate with the people of the country, they confine themselves to their farms and families, compare their present state to what it was in Europe, and find great reason to be contented. Of all foreigners, I should prefer Germans. They are the easiest got, the best for their landlords, and do best for themselves.

Can these be the sentiments of a 100 percent American? And to express a preference for Germans!

If the Department of Labor or the Department of State should not deport Mr. Jefferson after the foregoing is called to the attention of the proper officials, there can be no doubt that the Anti-Saloon League will order his deportation when its leaders read what he wrote to M. de Neuville in 1818:

> I rejoice, as a moralist, at the prospect of a reduction of the duties on wine, by our national legislature. It is an error to view a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling class of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of whisky, which is desolating their houses. No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober, where the dearness of the wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage. It is, in truth, the only antidote to the bane of whisky. Fix but the duty at the rate of other merchandise, and we can drink wine here as cheap as we do grog; and who will not prefer it? Its extended use will carry health and comfort to a much enlarged circle. Everyone in easy circumstances (as the bulk of our citizens are) will prefer it to the poison to which they are now driven by their government. And the Treasury itself will find that a penny apiece from a dozen is more than a groat from a single one. This reformation, however, will require time.

Why, the Honorable Thomas Jefferson was actually advocating moderation!

If there is any doctrine now firmly entrenched in usage it is that the ancient American theory of separation of church and state was all wrong. The advocates of prohibition have consistently maintained that their cause is a great religious issue and, with characteristic logic, have insisted that the civil power step in and enforce their side of it. So Mr. Jefferson would, undoubtedly, receive rough treatment at the hands of the churchly politicians if he were to say publicly today what he wrote in 1776 in his Notes on Religion:

> If the magistracy had vouchsafed to interpose in other sciences, we should have as bad logic, mathematics, and philosophy as we have divinity in countries where the law settles orthodoxy.

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There is another important count in the proposed indictment against Mr. Jefferson; that is his attitude toward the rights of women. Our militant feminists, boastful of woman's ability in any conceivable human activity save the one for which she was specifically designed and in which alone she can excel man, would be horrified if the President of the United States were to write:

> The appointment of a woman to office is an innovation for which the public is not prepared, nor am I.

That is what President Jefferson wrote in 1807 to Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Jefferson did not change his attitude toward the rights of woman with the passing of years. In 1824 he wrote from Monticello, discussing proposals to modify the Virginia franchise laws:

> However nature may by mental or physical disqualifications have marked infants and the weaker sex for the protection, rather than the direction of government, yet among the men who either pay or fight for their country, no line of right can be drawn.

It is axiomatic among present-day leaders of the minorities which direct the destiny of the nation, that the remedy for every human ill is legislation by Congress—with an appropriation. So Mr. Jefferson is obviously out of step with the national ideals, or he would never have written in his autobiography:

> Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread.

On the question of the right of citizens to criticize their government, Mr. Jefferson was decidedly un-American in the purview of present-day practice in high places. He wrote to President Washington from Paris in 1789:

> No government ought to be without censors; and where the press is free, no one ever will.

Fortunately, for Mr. Jefferson, there was no White House spokesman in those days.

LIVING TO LEARN IN COLLEGE

By MARY McENERY

FOR the student "on her own" in a large city, regular living usually reaches the nearest point of perfection in the college residence halls or dormitories. Here the spirit of the college constantly stalks her step twenty-four hours of the day in order to educate her heart as well as her mind. Living as the member of a community, under the same roof with her classmates, gives her the opportunity to join in their recreation, to broaden her viewpoint, rid herself of worthless values and reorganize her pattern of life. A well-balanced diet, the proper amount of sleep and exercise, and heated, well-ventilated rooms, tend to the development of the sound body for the sound mind. Almost always, every effort is made to offer proper surroundings and helpful influences for the students, as only regular living results in valuable learning.

One of the main residence halls of a well-known university will serve as a type of such domiciles. It resembles an exclusive and expensive apartment house with its lofty brick walls and glass entrance doors. Its attractive interior of marble floors and light paint sounds the knell of the nineteenth-century idea that boarding-school must depress the faltering pupil and impress the trusting parent with its linoleum and dark woodwork. Each girl has her own room, furnished simply with a bed, bureau, desk, and several chairs. There is hot and cold running water, and steam heat and cross ventilation supply warmth and air. Towels and bed linen are distributed according to demand, and laundry is taken care of by the housekeeper. The occupant of the room is free to hang her own pictures and draperies, or to use any appointments that she chooses. In this way, the individual may express her personal tastes.

Her board covers the expense of three meals that are taken in the sunny and spacious dining-room. Quiet rules are enforced every evening from eight o'clock until ten, so victrolas, radios and pianos must be silent. There are also necessary regulations about staying out late at night and leaving the dormitory for week-ends. Courtesy requires that the student fill out a blank slip, stating her destination and the date on which she expects to return. She signs her name and leaves the slip at the office so that the directress may know where to locate her in case of emergency.

There is a large reception room on the ground floor of the hall where the student may entertain guests until a certain hour of the evening. Comfortable lounges invite low-voiced conversation. Current magazines are scattered on the centre tables and a grand piano is ensconced in a corner. This particular hall is famous for its "coffee hour," which always follows Sunday dinner. The girls are allowed to invite their friends to this gathering in the reception room where hospitality is so cordially extended. Music, talks by members of the faculty and various forms of entertainment make the custom most popular.

The club for girls at this same institution offers the chaperonage of the dormitory with identical rules concerning meals, late returns and week-ends. It is in reality a miniature dormitory which devotes individual interest to each girl and reduces its social activities to a smaller scale. Personalities stand out more against

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this home-like background and are brought frequently into closer contact with one another. Care is paid to the physical welfare of the students. The dining-room director, experienced in the relative merits of food, chooses the most nourishing diet, while a resident trained nurse is always ready to advise about treatment for illness. The club directors have charge of the list of residents and will admit only the type of girl whom they consider helpful in maintaining the existing standard of excellence. The formulation of regulations for the household's social life is entrusted to a student committee made up of the club residents, as the directors wisely realize that the placing of such a responsibility in the hands of the girls will encourage coöperation and good will.

For the student, in New York or any other large city, who has experienced community life in college and is desirous of setting up her own schedule, there is the possibility of taking a room in an apartment. Free from the admonitions of her elders, she must rely on common sense to avoid pitfalls, for a feeling of obligation and a constant flame of ambition can be her only incentives to accomplish work. There are no set hours for meals or bedtime, for study or for play, and the necessity of making her own decisions may overburden the student's sense of responsibility.

Moreover, this yearning for personal independence, which has brought war to nations, frequently brings to the apartment-dweller loneliness. The family faces on the wall, the assortment of silver-backed brushes and perfume bottles on the dressing-table, and the pile of unanswered mail on the desk, are familiar and silent company. The purr of the city swells to the shrill volume of a cat-call, and sometimes, in desperation, she will respond eagerly to its invitation. What fascination can the stilted sentences of bygone historians offer against the enjoyment of wearing down her three-inch heels to the melody of a Victor-recording orchestra? It takes an iron-bound, copper-riveted will to refuse graciously a bid to dine in a candle-lit rendezvous when an Underwood stands ready and waiting to tap out a 10,000 word essay on child management.

If she is able to find another girl of similar likes and dislikes to share the bed and the closet shelves, the pangs of loneliness will not consider her such a dainty morsel. What joy to exchange the latest news of respective home towns over the breakfast coffee and toast, to compare the different merits of professors, or to discuss the peculiarities of classmates! An interested audience is the rarest discovery in the world, and although the audience's powder may sprinkle over her fresh supply of handkerchiefs, and her gloves mysteriously take a leave of absence, the relief of not having to face four bare walls overshadows such trifling annoyances. It is better to condemn the watery lettuce of the table d'hôte dinner in chorus than to sip its tepid soup in solitary misery.

Yet let the students who crave such an existence be warned that their abode will probably become the Mecca of those thirsty and hungry parasites who are always seeking any oasis of generosity. "Devoted friends" develop the habit of raiding the ice-box, burning cigarette holes into the rented furniture and making out-of-town telephone calls. Cousins, sisters and brothers of the friends welcome the apartment as a convenient place to "drop in" at any hour of the day or night, while "dyed-in-wool" week-end addicts decorate the lounge in the living-room from Friday to Monday with their persons and possessions. With the first of the month comes the reckoning in the shape of appalling bills for light, gas and telephone. If the tenants have acquired any brain-power by that time, they will break the victrola records, settle up for damages and fly to the quiet solitude of the dormitory for recuperation. From this new vantage point, they can survey the wreckage of their incomes and draw up long pages of resolutions never again to be guilty of such foolishness. "This freedom" has proved a strain on purse and patience.

"I'll initiate you into a life animated by the spirit of the university," reads the label on dormitory. "I'll promise you a friendly, intimate association with the best type of girl," reads the label on club. "I'll give you a latch-key and the use of your own free will," tempts the label on apartment. Let the confused candidate be influenced by the amount of self-reliance and responsibility which she possesses, the liberal-mindedness of her parents or guardians, and the row of figures in her check-book. Whatever home she selects will give its own peculiar training, and she must undergo education of the character as well as of the mind in the process. It is up to her to produce, from regular living, valuable learning. "As you live, so shall you learn."

Where an Old House Stood

I sit on a hill where an old house stood
And not a stick nor piece of wood
Is here, but four white stones in a row
Mark out a square that one may know
Where the cottage was on the low stone wall.
I look for more but that is all
To let me know where the old house stood.

Sheep in an old orchard at my feet
Crunch the grass and pitifully bleat.
A little lamb that strays and is lost
Cries among the stones like the little ghost
Of the baby who was put to sleep
In that old house. You crying sheep
Trample the lilacs and the garden there.
I watch the chimney smoke in the air
And hear a step and a woman's talk
To her husband coming up the walk.
I smell the coffee, and the bacon frying,
Hear how they hush the baby's crying.

My dog herds the sheep to the barn for shelter,
Right through the old house helter-skelter.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

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POEMS

Guitars of Alcácer

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

You sing of lovers' hearts enchained,
Of chestnut eyes, of kisses gained.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

You weep o'er yearnings kind, so kind,
And ease our longings on the wind.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

You weep o'er yearnings, weaving, weaving
The woof of love in fond hearts grieving.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

Your soft lamenting ends in cries
For the love that fades, for the love that dies.

Guitars, guitars of Alcácer-Quibir—
Your song of sorrow is sweet to hear.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF AFFONSO LOPEZ VIERA.
(*Translated by Thomas Walsh.*)

Cadence

Your moods, impermanent as songs in sleep,
Light as the tinkle of a prism, set
Dangling above a bowl of mignonette,
Your opalescent ardors, never deep
With memories of beauty snatched away
And buried where remembrance rarely goes,
Are smilingly dismissed as a quaint pose
Assumed for sake of nonchalance, and gay
Rejection of the obvious. You tread
Too blithely on solemnity, and ride,
They tell me, over life, and take great pride
In standing decent dullness on its head.

One rides with zest through April-freshened air
Who has walked wintry miles beside despair.

LORETTA ROCHE.

Sleep

If the grave
Is very dark—
Lie over, dear,
And let us sleep
On the same pillow.

If the grave
Is very dark—
Let us be wrapped
In the same silk cobweb
Of silence.

QUEENE B. LISTER.

The Little Wolf

The coyote is a little wolf
  Who leaves with an insouciant air
When stronger hunters pause to look—
  And then he is not there.

With an apologetic droop
  Unpleasantries he would forget,
And lets his magnanimity
  Be seen in silhouette.

Let cougars stalk the maddened bulls,
  Let prowling lynx and eagle fight—
He is the shadow at the edge
  Of shadow, day and night.

Before the victor's feast is done
  The little wolf comes softly there,
But at respectful distance waits
  So patiently his share!

At other times he feels the thrill
  Of chase where sheep or lost calves stray,
Or glides along the whispering grass
  With rabbits for his prey. . . .

But he is bravest when alone
  He squats upon a shadow-dune
And calls his kind across the night,
  Nose pointed to the moon.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

The Young Swimmer

He dives, an easy comet, bright and slim,
And where the shadows float he disappears.
The dace and sunfish dart away from him
As he arises, tossing from his ears
And eyes the dark, sweet water of the pool,
And looks about him with appraising glance.
Strange yet unguarded, he has caught the cool
Breath in his spirit of the indolent plants
That stand around, austere and shadow-tall,
Without the arrogance of sunny sod.
He was responsive boy to every call
Till now—he has the distance of a god!
He floats remote in beauty: when he dies
May he die thus possessed, with lidded eyes.

MORTON ZABEL.

Sirens

On harp of gold he makes his plea,
  The king who walks with silent tread,
And round him chant unwearyingly
  The voices of the lovers dead.

And when their luring song is sung,
  He lays aside his harp of gold,
And lo, the old man's heart is young,
  And lo, the young man's heart is old.

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE CASE OF LARS ESKELAND

Vermilion, S. D.

TO the Editor:—You commented in your issue of June 1 on the case of Lars Eskeland, principal of the People's High School ("folke hoiskole") at Voss, Norway, and the controversy over his recent conversion to the Catholic Church. One incident of the situation which I believe will interest you is told in the Norway correspondence in the Minneapolis Tidende of June 9. A majority of the Committee on Church and Schools of Parliament ("Storthing") has voted to recommend the discontinuance of state aid to the school if Eskeland retains his connection with it. The majority members belong to the Right and the Left (Conservative and Liberal parties). A minority of the committee has presented a dissenting report, affirming that the "Voss People's High School is still carrying on school work of such general educational nature as entitles it to receive state aid. Neither in the Constitution and the laws nor in the rules for schools of youth can the minority find anything that prohibits the granting of state aid because the principal acknowledges a religious faith other than the public religion of the state. [The last phrase is the Constitution's characterization of Evangelical Lutheranism.] The minority therefore moves that state aid be given to this school as to other schools of youth."

An interesting and, I believe, significant thing is that the two members—Moan and Steinness are their names—who make up this minority of the committee are representatives in Parliament of the Norwegian Labor party. They undoubtedly voice the attitude of their political group. This is the sort of thing which I think Father Ryan of Washington (with many others) is very much interested in.

ALBERT N. GILBERTSON.

KIN OF THE MARTYRS

Gates Mills, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—May 4, the Feast of the English Martyrs, received very little comment in our Catholic press, but I note an ever-increasing interest in the heroes amongst Catholic students, and particularly converts. The whole English-speaking world has cause for pride in their history. Their names should be rallying cries to all who long for understanding and friendship between all Catholics who use the English tongue.

With the forgiveness of ancient wrongs is coming enthusiasm for the extension of the Faith to our separated brethren. If old-stock Americans are to know the Church, it is specially desirable that they learn what Catholics of their own blood were enduring throughout the colonial period. How many members of the American clans of Davenport, Thwing, Lockwood, Barlow, to name only a few, know that they are related to martyrs and saints? I find that descendants of these families, whether Puritan or Anglican in origin, take vast pride in a Catholic heritage, once the facts of Tudor and Stuart history are pointed out. Give a Protestant Challoner's Missionary Priests, or Dom Bede Camm's Tyburn and the English Martyrs to read, and he can never be quite so "protesting" again. Why should we not extend the splendid work of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom to America? The martyrs are ours as well as Canada's, Ireland's, Australia's. They have converted thousands in England. Shall we not invoke their aid, tell their story, wherever English is spoken?

FRANCIS VENABLES.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Circus Princess

THE gorgeous improvidence of the Shuberts when they stage a musical attraction often plays havoc with the lighter values which the piece might have. In the case of The Circus Princess, however, they have managed to combine with admirable effect all the magnificences of traditional staging with much of the charm of The Student Prince and other productions for which they have justly won laurels. The present piece at the Winter Garden is good entertainment.

It has one of those omnibus plots so well designed to leave the showman a completely free hand—made-to-order romance, court costumes of the flamboyant Russia of 1912, a circus troupe that has its chance to give a real circus on the stage, and a final scene in Vienna where, presumably, no musical comedy can possibly fail. If the story does not hold nearly so well as The Student Prince or Princess Flavia, it is still quite adequate to the mood of the seeker after musical entertainment rather than the lover of operetta.

The casting, first of all, has been well done, certainly on the vocal side if not for the rarer combination of voice and acting. Guy Robertson sings with vigor, assurance and occasional real power. He lacks the essential manliness of some of the newer recruits to the musical stage—notably William Williams of the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan group, and his acting is rather stiff and overly mannered. But there have been many worse tenors foisted on the New York public and a good voice graces many a difficult moment. Desiree Tabor, though lacking in any unusual charm or distinction, has all the surface qualifications of beauty and stage presence and a voice only slightly less engaging than Mr. Robertson's. Their duets are beyond all question worth while.

The personality that looms largest in the performance is, of course, our old friend George Hassell, disguised as a villainous grand duke with a turn for high blood pressure and intrigue. Those who remember Mr. Hassell's performance as the Drain Man in The Servant in the House (the Actors' Theatre revival) will best appreciate the versatility of the man. But they will also harbor a lingering regret that the stern demands of musical comedy have deprived us so often of his sterling ability as an actor of the legitimate stage. Unfortunately—for straight plays—Mr. Hassell has a contortionist face, not unlike the features of William Danforth, capable of so wide a range of caricature that musical comedy simply cannot get along without him. He overacts outrageously, of course, and carries his clowning just as far as the rights of other actors will permit, but you will hear no complaints from the audience.

Then, to crown the cup of lighter things, there is that most personable of singing dancers, Gloria Foy. Somehow you feel she deserves the chance of starring in one of those intimate reviews where a happy understanding between audience and stage yields half the delight of the evening. She is a little lost in the panorama of The Circus Princess but makes the most of the occasional moments offered her. Last of all, let no one forget the circus performers, including the inimitable Poodles Hanneford and family and an amazingly fine group of tumbling clowns, with Bee Starr doing some of her unbelievable stunts on a rope. If your nerves are good, you will get no little excitement from watching Hanneford roll in and out under horses' hoofs or ride upon any part of a horse's anatomy except upon his legitimate back.

The catchy and slightly reminiscent music of the show is by Emmerich Kalman. Many of the numbers have already found their way over the radio—such as Dear Eyes That Haunt Me. The stage settings and costumes are properly gaudy and effective, and the dancing, particularly the numbers executed by the sixteen Foster Girls, is vigorous enough for any hot night.

Lombardi, Ltd.

ONCE more Murray Phillips launches on the perilous sea of revival. His program is to take the successes of recent years and to revive them at pre-war prices with the original star and a first-class supporting cast. Kempy, with the Nugents, was the first of the series, and Lombardi, Ltd., by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, with Leo Carillo in the lead, was the second. Although the latter has just closed, a review of it is being given here in recognition of the fine work Mr. Phillips is doing in bringing us these revivals at popular prices.

This play of life behind the scenes in a fashionable dressmaking establishment is full of good comedy and quite a little pathos. The character of Tito Lombardi is particularly well drawn—a man of generous impulse, and so much the artist that he allows everybody to take advantage of him and even drive him to bankruptcy. It is a part into which Leo Carillo fitted with ready-made perfection. His supporting cast was excellent, including among others, Helen Deddens, Marion Abbott and a newcomer of great promise in Eunice Hunt. In fact, the praise should be loud and insistent for the care with which Mr. Phillips is casting these revivals. Many plays coming to Broadway in the height of the season show nothing comparable to the balanced excellence of these Phillips presentations. His third revival, The Woman of Bronze, in which Margaret Anglin reappears, was reviewed in these columns last week.

Speaking of Tommy

TOMMY, by Howard Londsay and Bertrand Robinson, was duly reviewed and praised in these columns by Miss Helen Walker during its first week. But for those whose winter schedule prevented attendance at every play, and who may now be casting around for a delightful July evening, this play deserves further mention. It falls, of course, into the group distinguished by Seventeen, Clarence, or even our friend Merton of the Movies. Its bright particular star is young William Janney, a son of the producer, Russel Janney, and a most likely competitor for fame with Glenn Hunter. But it has the added delight of an extremely competent cast, including Peg Entwistle, Alan Bunce, the vociferous Maidel Turner, the crabby Lloyd Neal, and the suave Sidney Toler.

A Word About Lon Chaney

IT IS not without reason that the many fantastic make-ups of Lon Chaney on the screen have become a by-word and material for standard jokes. He is, or could be, a great artist in this aid to impersonation. But artistry can be sidetracked with fatal ease. His most recent film, The Unknown, pictures him as an armless man who does shooting and other circus stunts with his feet. So far so good. But when the audience is subjected to the sight of toes serving as a means for smoking cigarettes, for pouring and drinking coffee and for lighting matches, the loathsome effect passes beyond all borders of art. It becomes material for circus side-shows, where the morbid may foregather to see the monstrosities of nature. By consenting to this type of film show, Mr. Chaney seriously endangers the sympathy of his bewildered public.

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BOOKS

A Short History of Civilization, by Lynn Thorndike. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00.

A HISTORY of civilization in some six hundred pages must of necessity be "short" and short in more than one sense of the word; a conclusion emphasized by the fact that a work like the Cambridge Mediaeval History, for example, devotes a thousand pages to a few centuries. At the same time, Professor Thorndike's book is a good example of how admirably a professional historian when, like the author, he has the gift of lucid prose and a broad cultural and aesthetic background of knowledge and sympathy, can go the more imaginative but less scholarly lay writer one better as a popularizer.

Throughout this "complete survey" of civilization from prehistoric days to our own, man's constructive achievement is stressed. In this sense the author's book in some ways offers a more coherent and logic panorama of human development, perhaps, than does the Wellsian Outline. If, for instance, we compare the two versions of Mohammedanism and Arab civilization, Wells's detailed account is more glowing and picturesque, yet Thorndike in eight pages offers a clearer and yet a colorful summary.

In the main thread of his narrative the strands of cultural and political history are interwoven and their interconnection shown; and it is refreshing to find a historian who gives as a first cause for the religious change of the sixteenth century and the breaking away of territorial sections from the one Church ". . . the rise of modern nationality with its self-complacency and hatred for foreign nations in contrast to Christian unity." And a statement like the following, in connection with the Reformation, clearly reveals Professor Thorndike's breadth of viewpoint: "Protestants often think that their faith has led to greater enlightenment and progress, but this is more probably due to the advance of modern science. If a list of great modern inventors, men of letters, and scientists should be made out, it would be found that they were about equally of Protestant and Roman Catholic origin."

Here and there, individual preference or conviction may lead one to question certain of the author's theories or conclusions; it is inevitable that so gradual, complicated and irregular a growth as that which civilization represents must make for differences of interpretation. But Professor Thorndike has done a real service, especially in such sections as Early Modern Times, and The Genesis of Our Present Civilization, in showing the fallacy of many time-worn but still largely accepted generalizations, and (in sections precedent) establishing the antecedents of the civilizations of today—Oriental as well as Occidental—on an actual, rather than a sentimental basis.

Nor will the average intelligent American who wishes to gain a valid, unified idea of the whole course of civilization's historic and intellectual development—and to this reader the book addresses itself—find that the author has a sentimentalized outlook on the world war, "that old, old sickeningly monotonous and heartrendingly antiquated, oft-repeated experiment of militarism." He summarizes it in brief, for, as he says, "we are writing a history of civilization, not of human sacrifice." The chapter on Imperialism and Expansion, too, is excellent, and the wrongs done the Asiatic and African native by the economic exploitation of the western powers, nullifying the "foreign mission activities based for the most part on highest and more disinterested motives," is tersely and graphically pictured.

Numerous illustrations and maps, marginal paragraph sum-

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mary heads, and, for each chapter, a short bibliography are features of the presentation. One might wish that one or another newer valuable reference book had been listed, as for chapter fourteen, On the Etruscans, Pericle Ducati's Etruria Antica; and for chapter twelve, P. Jouget's L'Impérialisme Macédonien et l'Hellénisation de l'Orient. But the bibliographies are in all cases adequate, and in view of the fact that they are necessarily brief, very well chosen. Excellent also, is the general bibliography and a chronological table of Steps in the Development of Civilization.

Such details, however, are usually of less interest to the general reader. What he looks for in a book is reading interest. Professor Thorndike has proven he can supply it, while avoiding that "romantic" equation the blurbist of history books loves to ostentate.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess, by William Wallace. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THE note on the jacket of this book begins with the following sentence: "This volume is an excellent example of the modern method of writing biography—it aims to give an unretouched portrait of the subjects, with all their virtues as well as their foibles and frailties." The story of the friendship of two great musicians and their relations with the Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein is assuredly suited to this type of treatment, and had Mr. Wallace been a Strachey, or even a Guedella, he might have produced a book which would have been unforgettable.

The trouble is that the method has already begun to harden into a pattern, a pattern which any author possessed of a cynical freedom from human reverence can make effective on the surface. A gift for pat phrasing, the suggestion of a touch at once light and a bit bored, with the corollary that nothing after all much matters—and the job is done! Sometimes when the subject itself is neither very deep nor very important, as in Thomas Beer's The Mauve Decade, the result is amusing. It is then merely the clash of two superficialities.

But the judgment of such figures as Liszt and Wagner is a very different matter, and it takes a firmer and a subtler mind to deal with them than Mr. Wallace displays. There were things that were ridiculous in their lives, and in the case of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein there was even an element of farce; but certainly it was not comedy which was at the base of either Liszt's nature or Wagner's, and the Princess herself possessed a mind of an extraordinary quality. What Mr. Wallace has done has been to emphasize only one side of both Liszt and the Princess, and to reduce Wagner to pitiable proportions. This may be one modern method of writing biography—it certainly isn't Mr. Strachey's—but it is a method which inevitably results in caricature. It may amuse but it has nothing to do with truth.

As a study of Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, Mr. Wallace's book is neither clever enough nor venomous enough to call for comment. To the thoughtful man it is of interest only as an example of what happens when a school of biographers throw the responsibility they owe to their subjects to the winds and proceed under the guise of biography to produce works of fiction. Now even fiction which, for the sake of momentary sensationalism, distorts historical figures is often unfortunate in its effects; but what can be said for such fiction masking under the name of biography? It is all very well to affirm that no man can fully visualize the truth about another human being. But whoever writes the life of another human being is bound in honor to express that truth to the best of his ability. He owes it both to his own integrity and to the integrity of his art. When works such as this of Mr. Wallace really express their writer's idea of the figures portrayed, we can only pity the limitations of the writer. But one might ask how often such works are produced merely because the cynical method is the easiest one for immediate effect.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Modern Scientific Ideas, by Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Ernest Benn and Company. Sixpence.

GREAT is the gift which enables a scientific man to make clear the mysteries of his subjects to those with little or no scientific training, and great should be our gratitude to those who take the trouble to use that gift. In the physical sciences, there is no one who approaches Sir Oliver Lodge in helping the uninstructed to understand the overwhelmingly marvelous discoveries of the past quarter of a century in this portion of the scientific field. There have been few books, no matter at what price published, which convey so much information, and convey it so pleasantly, as this report of the six radio talks on Atoms and Worlds which were given in England last fall.

Most people doubtless are aware that there is a chemical object known as the atom and some, at least, will know that it has recently been found to be a universe of amazing complexity. Two hundred and fifty million atoms placed side by side would measure just one inch. Yet the interior of each is a solar system with its nucleus of positive (and some negative) electricity, around which revolve like planets the electrons of negative electricity each 1,850 times smaller than the proton or positive element. And as regards relative size? Suppose the tiny atom described above to be enlarged to the size of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, then the electrons would be to that building like gnats flying about in its vastness. An enlarged model of the hydrogen atom—the simplest of all—may be imagined as a one-cent piece revolving round another one-cent piece at the distance of half a mile. Yet amidst all these incredibly minute marvels, just as amongst the equally incredibly immense marvels of the universe revealed to us in the skies, the physicist, so to speak, walks, with his again incredibly ingenious instruments for detecting the wonders, minute or far away.

And here, in simple language comprehensible by any person, we have the story set forth for us as, I think, it is not set forth anywhere else; and you can buy it for a little more than a dime. Go out and buy it and when you have read it you will have no reason to regret your extravagance. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter as it appears to the distinguished writer: "Depend upon it, there is some Mind that really comprehends the whole, that can attend to the smallest detail—to every human being, to every bird, every sparrow—and can yet feel at home in the infinitude of space. Nothing too small, nothing too big, for that infinite Mind's understanding and fostering care." And again: "The splendors of observation and inference, now possible to man, speak of an all-controlling and all-designing Mind. There is no chance, nothing haphazard, in any part of the universe. It is a manifestation of law and order and beauty, which appeals to our highest faculties; and, in moments when we can realize even one aspect of that revelation, overwhelms us with wonder, love, and praise."

Why is it that we meet with that note so seldom in such writings? Surely it is a note obvious to all. Of course it is

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unfashionable and there are fashions in science just as there are in millinery, but none the less, the conclusion is unavoidable for any man who will look straight at the facts as they are set forth for us in this most fascinating little book.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Minor Poems of Dante, translated into English verse by Lorna De' Lucchi. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

IN THIS admirable volume of fewer than two hundred pages, Signora De' Lucchi gives all the poems definitely attributed to Dante by modern scholars, with the exception of the Divina Commedia. The ninety-one poems (including three by Forese Donati) are divided by the translator into eight groups. The first two groups present the poems from the Vita Nuova and those which, while not contained in the Vita Nuova itself, belong to the same period. Books two and four of Signora De' Lucchi's volume contain the sonnets (not creditable to either) exchanged by Dante and Forese Donati, and the poems from the Convivio.

In the seventh group are the violently passionate verses written to celebrate an unidentified maiden Dante calls Pietra. These, as Signora De' Lucchi remarks, "are the ardent, often bitter, outpourings of a heart in the toils of an intensely sensual passion for a woman of flesh and blood, and afford a lively contrast to the poet's delicate, mystical, and restrained creatures of heaven and abstract virtues." Dante seems to have taken for his model the Provençal troubadour Arnaut Daniel, "who in rhymes of love and stories of romance excelled all others." (Purgatorio, XXVI, 117.)

To each poem Signora De' Lucchi has prefixed a brief explanatory paragraph and the first line of the Italian original with references to the Oxford Dante (1924) and the Critical Edition of the Società Dantesca Italiana, published by Bemporad in 1921. The translator adheres to Dante's metrical forms, except for the substitution of the freer English sonnet form for the classical Italian model. Signora De' Lucchi has done well, and in the case of poems already translated by Rossetti and others, she has nothing to fear from comparison.

C. R. D. MILLER.

A Case of Conscience, by Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.50.

IT IS Timothy Lovel's story, and Timmy has red hair "with an adorable kink in it." He is a soi-disant Catholic, claiming kinship with a martyr namesake. He has seen a beautiful girl, Opal Jevons, and become instantly and intensely interested in her, only to learn that she is the daughter of a woman who had been the wife of his own Uncle Johnny; a woman who had heartlessly deserted her husband and her first daughter, Elizabeth, then six weeks old, to share the name and "anti-colitis" fortune of Sir Joshua Jevons. But the knowledge of Opal's connections comes too late to save Timothy, who goes mooning through Italy, wondering how he can possibly wait until his love shall pass beyond the too youthful confines of seventeen.

Then fate, which aids and abets Miss Clarke to perfection, places Timothy on the spot, just as Elizabeth's father dies in his Lake Como villa, leaving to the young man the entailed English estate of the Lovels. Italy and Elizabeth, all unconsciously, revive Timothy's sleeping Catholicism and there is war when he returns to Sir Joshua to ask his permission to marry Opal in the Catholic Church.

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Sir Joshua has never learned to yield, and Opal, when she comes to consider the matter, "doesn't want her kids brought up Catholic." And so while everybody in the Jevons household is accusing Elizabeth of exerting undue influence over Timmy, and Timmy is eating his heart out down at Severnside trying to frame his answer within old Josh's time limit of one week, Opal, in Paris with her doting father, decides matters for herself and accepts the ring offered by Lord Alfred, devoted but poor second son of a famous family. It takes Timmy months to realize what everyone else knows—that Elizabeth is his true love, of soul as well as heart, and Severnside is hers as well as his.

T. M. WILL.

Constantinople, by H. G. Dwight. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

BE IT said at the start that so fine a piece of bookmaking hailing from our own United States (not imported in sheets and bound up with the name of an American firm) is a real delight to the book-sense of the reviewer and a proof that our own presses can produce excellent volumes, if given the chance. Be it also said that a truly American writer like Mr. Dwight, who happened to be born in Constantinople and has spent the principal part of his life there, observing and studying its history and art, publishing such excellent books as Constantinople Old and New, and Stamboul Nights, is a refreshment after a long series of works by British and French foreign residents and journalists.

The fascination that has won the name of Siren for the capital of the Bosphorus is well borne out in Mr. Dwight's pages: the pictures illustrating his book are highly interesting and well-chosen. We note one, out of the many interesting disclosures of the book, that in which we learn of the great persecution of the bloody Mourad IV against coffee-drinkers and the coffee-houses of the seventeenth century, and of the attempt to substitute a sort of Postum made of bean pods, all of which terrors and substitutes proved abortive.

To follow Mr. Dwight through the highways and byways of Constantinople is an opportunity that must be highly profitable as well as enjoyable. His long residence and familiarity with the daily life as well as the tradition of the people make his book one to be delighted in by those of us who are not to return to the Golden Harbor.

THOMAS WALSH.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SOUND OF THE HAMMER

GREAT men, Emerson tells us (using the adjective in its spiritual sense) have always "confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age." If that be true, there is not only a dearth of great men in the present age, but many of us are traveling away from greatness as fast as we can. Homesickness for golden eras flourish in great variety amongst us. Listening to prim little human parrots recite the glories of plumbing and Baldwin locomotives, the sensitive would give their souls for a dance on some Hellenic green or even for standing-room at a mediaeval festival. Mediocrity has a good time organizing itself into crowds, but we know that the somebody who said the other day that a hush has fallen upon the world as it waits for a revealing voice was right. Loneliness has engulfed the prophets, half of whom are making predictions to antiquity. Many of us actually feel that if Columbus were alive today he would undertake a cruise to some particularly forgotten yesterday. This lack of vital interest in what we are doing as a community —as mankind—does not, of course, normally extend to individual pursuits. We are all hammering hard at our own houses to make up for the oppression of the stillness which hems us round.

To this generally prevalent state of affairs there is only one really outstanding exception. Granted that some men and even some institutions are boldly and commendably trying to create a public mood for action—trying to create a will to peace, for instance—the fact remains that almost all of them are like men who step aside from a crowd and plead with it to change its course. The crowd sweeps on, as a stream does, faithful to its current and its shores. In most cases those who could best lead it do not even join or harangue it. Very likely they would not be understood if they did. Our age is heavy with messages to which nobody will pay attention. Nevertheless, as has been said, there is one exception. The Papacy has realized the Emersonian definition of greatness, meeting the spirit of the time with a cordiality and understanding adequate to it. This fact merits special attention just now, when the seventieth birthday of Pius XI has called forth so much personal interest in the man.

The Holy Father took up the leadership of the Church at a moment when the crowds who knelt throughout the world to receive the benediction given from the balcony of the Vatican Basilica were largely composed of veterans and widows of other veterans. To them he spoke first of all of the "peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ," bravely enumerating all the wounds inflicted through combat and dissension, loyally praising that loyalty and steadfastness of soul by which

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the future seemed to secure a guaranty of well-being, and firmly dedicating the energies of the Church to the effort of bringing into being that concord for which so many of the sorrowing yearned. Behind the words there was seen to rise, visibly near and not any longer masked by retirement, the Church which in equally evil days had struggled to save justice, charity and intelligence for the world. It was once more the "Church militant," abroad on the fields that the rights of Christ and of man might be regained. How goodly the sight was, only Catholics can, perhaps, thoroughly understand; but one fancies there were many outside their ranks who took heart because it had appeared, giving benediction to "bring happiness to the living, peace and eternal rest to the dead."

We have spoken of the intelligence—that greatest of man's gifts, which is essentially honesty in looking at things as they are, in refusing to make a mirage of the world. This force was consecrated by the Holy Father in the second of his encyclicals, devoted to Saint Francis de Sales. Understandably enough, the holy Bishop of Geneva was not described (as a humanistic historian would have described him) as a man of vast and lucid mind who represented most nobly the spirit of French classicism at a time when its achievements in the most diverse fields were so remarkable. We were not asked to see Saint Francis as the peer of Racine and Bossuet—though he was these things also. We were summoned rather to view him as the model for that profession through which intelligance is, in our day, most widely dispensed to the masses. Saint Francis became the patron of writers. And the Pope said: "His writings always breathe a spirit of charity which was, indeed, the controlling motive in every controversial labor he undertook." The "magnanimity" of the Saint, therefore, was recommended especially to those whose task it is to comment upon the relations between the world and the things of faith.

Later on the Holy Father was enabled, because of the centenaries of Saint Thomas Aquinas, Saint Josophat and Saint Francis of Assisi, to draw attention to those sources of religious vitality which the modern age can find in Christian tradition. It is interesting to note how the encyclical dealing with the Angelic Doctor bears in mind constantly the circumstances of our day, recommending as it does, for instance, that institutions of higher learning hold "a solemn disputation on a philosophical question or some other important scientific subject." Similarly, the Pope used Saint Josophat, martyred archbishop of Polotsk and glory of the Eastern Slavs, as an introduction to the difficult problem of church union, which the Russian revolution has rendered particularly important, and as a reason for endorsing the Pontifical Oriental Institute. And naturally the Poverello, so well beloved by multitudes outside the Church, suggested a parallel between our own disheveled time and the troubled years through which Francis lived, between the virtue we need and that which he so illustriously exemplified.

Finally there came the most remarkable of recent encyclical letters, establishing the Feast of Christ the King. That the sovereignty of Christ over the souls of men might be better realized in the minds and hearts of the faithful; that from this new fervor others might catch fire and, turning aside from the innumerable secularizations proposed by enemies of faith, resolve to restore the Saviour as the model for all human things; that in particular all misunderstandings between civil and ecclesiastical power might be settled according to the norms of justice—these varied things were the results which, it was hoped, would accrue from the new and peculiarly modern festival. Naturally enough, such an encyclical came with especial effectiveness from a Sovereign Pontiff who himself had associated widely with governments, and had enabled the Church to formulate, frankly and without selfishness, a series of treaties with states which, while gaining for the Catholic cause freedom of action, fully recognized the sovereignty of civil government within its own sphere. The record of papal diplomacy since the accession of Pius XI is the record of readiness to meet the modern time on its own terms, to escape from the routine of a dead political past, and to establish the commerce of the Church on a plane far above controversy.

How far all this comes from melancholy aesthetic notions of Catholicism as something which really lived under Saint Louis and the mediaeval Popes, but which has merely lingered on in anaemic fashion ever since! Dozens of little scribes may be thinking even yet of the Church in terms of illuminated manuscripts and Gothic architecture. But those of us who care to look about in this contemporary world, and see what activity is really genuine and able to enkindle enthusiasm, find that as a modern force the See of Peter is without a peer. It was high time, perhaps, to proclaim the fact that the Church militant is not an association of the dead—that the matter of moment to it always is not the building it has completed, not the turrets which it has raised up as mementos of its aspirations, but the sound of the hammer erecting a home for the world. The old things are, of course, models, tools, sources of inspiration. But it is really for the work it is doing that the Church lives.

So much effort and vitality cannot wholly fail. Nevertheless the constant opposition to it is also formidable, and is indicated by the circumstance that the most recent papal encyclical deals with the persecution of the Church in Mexico. One may, however, find a reason for hope in this very persecution. It reveals clearly the character of the vigorous enemies of the Church in our day. These are no longer scholars, scientists, historians, statesmen—with whom the See of Peter lives, for the most part, in a spirit of loyal coöperation. They are rather the despoilers, the autocratic egoists, the soulless ones of the time. And in the words of Saint Hilary, "the Church conquers all at the very moment when she is abandoned by all."

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

SQUANDERED leadership is the greatest of political party prodigalities; and it would seem that certain Democrats are going in for it with a thoroughness resembling that which the older English comedy satirized so pertinently. Sheridan's Charles Surface was a good hand at spending, but the solid South is fully a match for him. During the past few weeks, this South has been growing conscious (in print) of the admirable candidates it could present for presidential nomination. Going over the list of its business men and industrial organizers, it sees in them the stuff of the old "Virginian dynasty" and proudly wonders why it should refrain from telling the nation as much. What matter if these leaders really needed ferreting out? Why should the fact that they stir not a ripple of applause in the nation as a whole be considered for a moment? History even makes clear that Democracy had just such a standard-bearer in Mr. Davis—a better and more eloquent one, in all truth, than those now being proposed by various contributors to southern newspapers. It had Mr. Davis because the 1924 nominating convention could not forget that Governor Smith is a Catholic, a wet and a New Yorker. The third characteristic is clearly, one may note, the only important one. Because the Governor represents the power of an urban democracy to produce from within a leader who is at the same time an excellent executive, he has managed to gain the attention of everybody to whom such an achievement seems a solution of our present political evils. We fear, however, that the reserve energies of the South are ready to sacrifice this in order to make their point about the Catholic and, to a lesser extent, the anti-prohibitionist. They may make it. But in doing so they will at the same time renounce the opportunity to give their party a reason for existence.

AS WE write, Leon Daudet—the steam calliope of l'Action Française—is still at liberty. Nor does anybody know who gave the mysterious order over the telephone which, purporting to come from the Ministry, induced the prison-keeper to send his famous guest off home in a taxicab. The whole adventure continues to make the world smile, primarily because that world sees no good reason why Daudet should have been imprisoned in the first place. Before his arrest, defying the government in the name of the Camelots de Roi, he looked momentarily like his father's Tartarin. Even the staid New York Times was fooled into accepting the comparison. But whatever else Daudet may be, he is certainly not from Tarascon. When he and his friends had finished their little adventure, it was the government that looked ridiculous—a government which permits notorious laxity in the administration of justice, which is really victimized by a swarm of egoistic phrase-mongers, and which is willing to condone political murder for the sake of "human equality." All this has nothing to do with those maxims of political philosophy which the Church very properly demanded ought not to be recommended to young men in France as "Catholic." It is legitimately within the province of local politics and demonstrates little excepting Daudet's intelligent mastery of the art of criticizing republican rule.

DAUDET went very wrong trying to wage a pitched battle against ecclesiastical opposition. He should have fought down the Gallicanism in his blood, should have realized that Charles Maurras the agnostic was not so good a guide to Catholic doctrine as Cardinal Andrieu. Unfortunately, he was so convinced of a "plot" against his party that he staked all on dynamite. It should have been so easy to see that l'Action Française could never be a "Catholic party," however great its interest in certain French Catholic traditions might be. But Daudet's failure to understand this is no reason why a whole swarm of tepid mediocrities should be encouraged to buzz their private anathemas at him. The man's attempt to revive that Rabelaisian power which is latent in the Gallic soul proved destructive of a good many shams, even if it sometimes shocked a host of the righteous. Though in some ways undoubtedly a fanatic, Daudet has an exceptionally comprehensive mind which he has crammed with realities as well as abstractions. Most of the people who have latterly been flinging more or less unctuous bombs at his achievement are immature fanatics of a certain mental vagueness, who seldom fight clean because they seldom fight in the open. After all is said and done, the good that a man does should not be interred with his bones while he is still alive.

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GENERAL LEONARD WOOD has always been an admirable army officer. At present his fortitude under a number of bodily ills and his eagerness to continue in the service of the nation are receiving the respect they merit. It is also quite certain that his picture of order and prosperity in the Philippines is as nearly accurate as such panoramic snapshots usually are. But when the General declares, first, that the Filipinos demand independence without knowing what independence is, and, second, that their wish, if fulfilled, would seriously endanger their welfare, he seems to surrender to ancient and commonplace imperialistic temptations. After all, it is the essence of the Filipino claim that they were fighting for freedom and had nearly won it when the United States relieved Spain of an embarrassing situation and added a gift of $20,000,000. They assert, furthermore, and are of course supported by the historical facts, that the Washington government solemnly declared that the goal of its work in the islands was native independence. It would be queer, surely, if everybody had been talking of independence all this time without knowing what the topic of conversation really was! One cannot get around the point either by declaring that autonomy imposes certain added responsibilities and burdens. It does impose added responsibilities and burdens. Nothing was ever more evident. But if it had become the deciding factor in our own case, there would have been no United States.

A WESTERN professor of agriculture has declared that "a fourth of the people now engaged on American farms could be removed without a noticeable decrease in total crop or livestock production." If he is right, the drift away from the farms is the result of economic necessity rather than of less tangible social factors and has, as a matter of fact, not kept pace with the working out of economic law. Machinery, in agriculture as well as in industry generally, tends to displace workers, and when workers are not needed they necessarily go elsewhere. Much can be said for this point of view, but there are seasons for considering it specious. In the first place, what guarantees the stability of labor is the amount it can get over and above a living wage. This factor would be overwhelmingly in favor of the farms as against the industrial town were it not for the fact that land values have been inflated for purposes of speculation to such an extent that capital invested in them cannot bear fruit in an unrestricted market, and for the added fact that the farm worker must buy in a restricted industrial market. If land values were lowered and if the market for manufactured products were not artificially supported, men could work on farms so cheaply that machinery—even now an investment proportionately high in relation to land value—would lose a great part of its significance. But how accomplish these things? Unfortunately, nations seldom think of economic problems in anything excepting economic terms until it is too late. The value of farm life to the average working-man is so obvious that if it were ever realized, government would hasten to safeguard and promote it.

THERE has been so much discussion of public utility activities recently that the New York investigations of what is happening between the city and its two great transit companies—the Interborough and the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit—have attracted wide attention. Counsel for the city succeeded in revealing the fact that publicity expenditures for a higher fare have been chalked up as "operating expenses" and paid for as such out of the municipal treasury. On the strength of the promise held out for this higher fare, stock in the Interborough was purchased in considerable quantities by the rival company and some of its officials. This purchase was not unethical, but in view of the failure of Interborough stock to pay any dividends during eight years, it really looks pretty much as if the purchasers hoped to buy in a down-and-out market and sell on a wave of prosperity created by city politics and finances. Obviously the tip to the city is this: buy all the available Interborough stock, close the corporation, and then proceed to raise the fare. It is a handsome opportunity and if skilfully handled might set an instructive example for other cities bothered with transit problems. Nevertheless—and this is an old thorn—the handling both now and later must be skilful. Is municipal government really capable of rising to the occasion?

AS THE product of an age whose effectiveness is watered by a vast amount of what terse and unmannerly commentators are satisfied to designate "bunk," Mr. Ivy Ledbetter Lee, public service counsel of the Interborough Rapid Transit, comes pretty near being Exhibit A. Asked by the insistent Mr. Untermeyer to name some of the services performed by him in return for an honorarium which rumor, we do not know how exactly, places at $50,000 a year, Mr. Lee is reported to have answered that "he had educated the public to appreciate the substitution of turnstiles before their introduction by the Interborough." The "education" of the public into the acceptance of the inevitable is a field whose possibilities are illimitable. We shall register only mild surprise at seeing it extended. Some slight indication of the line to be followed was given a year or so ago by President Hedley himself, who had the happy inspiration of telling the commuting public that conditions on his line, if unfavorable to reading, were peculiarly propitious to concentrated thought. But there seems no reason that the educative process should stop when the public has become reconciled to a ten-cent lease of a strap and not go on until such acts of God as late summers, wet Fourths of July, early morning riveters and the block system of interurban travel are accepted with cheerful resignation. We note that later in the day upon which Mr. Lee went through the Untermeyer handling, he was host at a dinner

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given to Sir Josiah Stamp and heard a handpicked gathering of executives told by their cheery guest from overseas that in the British coal industry "hard economic forces will have to straighten things out." We wonder how long "hard economic forces" roughly and impersonally applied would take to straighten out the sort of overhead from which the Ivy Lees of industrialism reap their cash harvest.

AS MUNICIPAL equipment increases, the problem of financial control of city expenditures becomes more acute. The last few years have seen repetitions of the proposal to give New York and Chicago the status of separate states, thus emancipating them from the control of more or less "outside" legislatures. To a lesser extent, the establishment of financially "free" cities has been advocated throughout the country. The recent session of the Commonwealth Conference, at Iowa City, Iowa, was taken up largely with detailed discussions of many aspects of this question. A majority of those present seemed to agree with Mr. Lent D. Upson that state legislatures were so frequently "cornstalk clubs" that no reason existed for crediting them with ability to limit the indebtedness or the bonding power of a city. "Home rule" for cities, as regards local taxation and expenditure, would indeed seem desirable where there is good municipal and not altogether adequate state government. But does this relation prevail? Professor Reed, of the University of Michigan, professed doubt discreetly by saying that the smaller cities would inevitably find difficulty in getting expert budgeting. To this one might add that municipal and state taxes do require some kind of coordination. It could, theoretically at least, be supplied by the central state government; it could seldom be envisaged by municipalities controlling their own affairs in a strictly private fashion. A problem so complex must, however, be solved on the basis of adequate statistical data, which have not as yet been formulated.

OF AN interest that transcends the occasion on which they were uttered are the observations of the Reverend Eric McFhinn, addressed recently to the Maynooth Union of Priests, on the position of the Catholic priest in literature. Naturally, modern literature, especially in English, preëmpts Father McFhinn's attention, though he has a word to say for the frankness, not always friendly, with which the ordained ministers of the Church are handled by such European Catholic geniuses as Dante or Manzoni. The whole question of the attitude toward priests of authors and novelists will never be put in its right perspective unless a sharp distinction be drawn between an age when one faith and one only held men's hearts, and a later epoch when the personal character of the ministry became a tactical point to be argued for or against in theological strife. Taking a survey of the English-speaking novelists most familiar as modern classics, it can be admitted that a certain respect or restraint has generally prevented any such lying or partial pictures as disfigure continental fiction. Thackeray's priests seldom depart from the traditional and handy lay figure of the Jesuit as misconstrued in England. Father Holt of Henry Esmond, the Jacobite priest who changes his clothes in every chapter, and whose love of intrigue leads him to prefer climbing in through a window when the door is a perfectly safe mode of entry: Father Mole "of Saint Acheul" in Vanity Fair (Thackeray's names are always inferential) who argues with the Bishop of Ealing for wicked Lord Steyne's edification, are rare figures of fun. But there is little malignancy in the drawing.

FAR more noticeable, indeed, than the occasional uncharity of our novelists, generally traceable to suppressed bigotry, are the tributes to human worth and kindness which experience has forced upon the writer's artistic conscience. One remembers rather vividly the old priest of Saint Gudule, who laid so cool and sympathetic a hand upon the tortured temperament of the homesick and soul-sick little teacher in Villette, that her Protestant consciousness took alarm from his very humanity. Dickens generally refrained from including the Catholic priest in his miraculous portrait gallery, but his general references to the unfamiliar faith and its ministers seldom lack a certain awkward respect. Mrs. Humphrey Ward was a contentious novelist, and her type of Catholic ministers, rather skilfully contrasted to advance her argument, is hardly in question. It is rather remarkable, and we believe a detailed inquiry would bear out the fact, that malignant and acrid criticism of priests is likelier to be found in continental fiction of the meaner sort than among those who have felt the need of walking warily upon unfamiliar ground. The priest as known to English-speaking writers of the past ten decades, was, it must be remembered, a being invested with the mystery and furtiveness bequeathed by the past. It will take the efforts of many Catholic novelists in England and America to take the anchylosis of penal days from his human values, and to set him in the true place as a humanizing agent in an arid world which Mr. Edgar Lee Masters has most incisively identified in his unforgettable epitaph upon Father Molloy of Spoon River.

ONE learns from various sources that quite a bit of dismay and reproof has followed the appearance of Miss Margaret Anglin in the rôle of advocate of a popular cigarette. Can it be possible that a Catholic actress, honored with the Laetare Medal, has stooped to the base degree indicated? It may be said in extenuation of the hideous offense that the Laetare Medal, designed to honor signal Catholic achievement made by a good Catholic, is expressly reserved for lay people; that these people, engaged in professions, often need advertising; and that the cigarette in question is kind enough to subsidize one for heralding it abroad. All this, however, does not condone the in-

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famous weed. There are persons (even numerous persons) who will stand out all night in the rain to get their names in the paper—or work their hands into a solid blister at some parish festival, for the sake of attaining to celebrity. These understand the lure of publicity. But smoke a cigarette? And yet, at bottom, neither natural law nor Church teaching has ever given the slightest indication that feminine friendliness for a Lucky Strike is burdened with evil. There is something abnormal about it, of course, just as there used to be something terrible about the young heroine who refused to faint. We profess to admire greatly those women who refrain from nicotine; but they would really be still more admirable if they remembered that their virtue gains in charm from being strictly dissociated from wrath about others.

TEMPERED COUNSEL

THE speeches which the nation's chief executive delivers on major occasions have a quality all their own which has by now come to be recognized and is counted upon in advance. It must be said of them that they lack the note of personal idiosyncrasy which endeared the public utterances of Colonel Roosevelt to headline builders. It would be a useless task to seek in any one of their phrases the repressed emotion that ennobled every utterance of our great martyr President. The shrewd humor which made the late Thomas R. Marshall so quotable is conspicuous by its absence. There is little trace of that hatred of injustice wherever perceived that often makes Senator Borah the mouthpiece of the depressed right. Quite a lengthy list, in fact, might be compiled of all the properties which a Coolidge speech lacks. Critics who are baffled are sometimes resentful, and the harsh things that have often been said about the President when he turns spokesman for the nation, might, we believe, be largely traced to this elusiveness, or negativeness, if you will, strange to find in a man who is quite generally accepted as voicing the characteristic point of view of the "practical" citizen.

For the rather surprising fact remains that, even after making every allowance for the importance which the office confers on the man, and for the tendency of those who have no time to speak for their own convictions to erect the man who has into a symbol, President Coolidge's speeches never fall below a certain level of dignity. It is quite possible to disagree with them very heartily, yet somehow to be proud of them. The dignity may be homespun (it is never uncouth); it may seem to scorn the adventitious aid of literary elegance; the phrases it chooses may be the time-worn counters that have served scores of presidential orators before him; as each falls into place in his argument, a sense of almost mechanical precision may overtake those who listen or read. Nevertheless, these presidential utterances, widely reported and widely read, do carry, we believe, hope and confidence to many hundreds of thousands of plain citizens the Union over. It is easy to riddle them with criticism, easy to point out disturbing facts they seem to evade, or opportunities to speak of things of the spirit which have no tangible reward on earth that they have the air of ignoring. But a Coolidge speech is only banal if all the values the contemporary world has erected into first values are banal too. It is reassuring or depressing just in so far as a man is either convinced that salvation lies at the end of the road along which we are advancing, or believes that a halt and fresh orientation before it is too late has assumed the complexion of an urgency. Let any man study, among his own acquaintance, those who sincerely and poignantly doubt of the direction our civilization has taken, and those whose energies are absorbed in achieving economic salvation with the material and means to hand, and he will cease to wonder at the significance that has come to attach to speeches which resolutely eschew distinction either in thought or language.

What the liberal censors of our President (that noxious brood) are missing when they can find it in their hearts to term him insincere or even note "a talent for smug self-assuredness which seems fictional" is just this: He is the prophet of an age and country that is, on the whole, distrustful of change and glad to be static. It has not arrived at equipoise without the unhindered perpetration of monstrous economic injustices, without an exploitation of natural resources for private ends that dismays the thinker who thinks on the catastrophic scale. But Mr. Coolidge does not think this way, and who shall say he is wrong? Nearer than the swollen fortunes, the big combines that make good and bad financial weather at their will, his eye perceives certain homely accessible landmarks, the snug country or suburban home, the comfort, the general seemliness of the American life that has attained to even relative security. And his mental vision refuses to be distracted from them. They are the text of all his "preachments." George Gissing, at about his age, confessed that he stood "aghast" at the significance of money in the world. Mr. Coolidge is not aghast, but he is very much convinced. "Here," he tells us today, and our daily experience confirms his words quite as often as it refutes them, "industry can find employment, thrift can amass a competency, and square dealing is assured of justice." "I wish to favor the policy of economy," he told us in days before his voice carried the weight it has secured today, "not because I wish to save money, but because I wish to save people. . . . Every dollar that we carelessly waste means that their life will be so much the more meagre. Every dollar that we prudently save means that their life will be so much the more abundant." This may not be, as William Allen White enthusiastically believes, "the language of a mystic." It is at least the language of a sincere and humane man. It has at least the child-like gravity and reverence which are possessed by all religions held in the heart.

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A SHORT CUT TO ANARCHY

By MARISTAN CHAPMAN

PROMINENT among our somewhat over-noisy democratic advertisements stands the slogan: "Equal justice to all men." Whenever we feel doubts concerning its practical efficacy we settle the matter by pointing with pride to what has been done in the way of mending the situation. But enough has not yet been done. Granting all improvements made in the last twenty years toward making the law bear equally upon rich and poor, there remains for consideration this serious fact that, to the poor, justice delayed is justice denied, and that, by the cumbrous nature of legal proceedings, justice is bound to be delayed. The poor man cannot afford to await the due process of law, much less the overdue process often accorded his small claims.

In his address on The Scandal of the Law's Delay, ex-Secretary of State Elihu Root put the problem succinctly as follows:

> While law is enforced, justice waits. The possibilities of delay and of forcing a compromise to avoid expense and annoyance induce litigation by those who wish to escape the faithful performance of their contracts. The calendars are crowded with such cases. In such a game the poor stand little chance against the rich, or the honest against the unscrupulous.

Are we going to attack this situation and better it, or are we going to continue to make a noise like a democracy while crowding down into the lower depths of our society an increasing number of citizens rankling under the injustice of legal delay? Where such delay means nothing worse than annoyance to the large manufacturer, it means ruin to the small business man; and the solution is not to be reached by the comprehensive maxim that: "Small businesses must be seen and not heard."

Expense of counsel is another consideration that confronts the poor man when he appeals to the law. It has been estimated that over thirty million persons in this country are unable to pay attorneys' fees. The fact that these thirty million comprise a majority of a class that is "naturally law-abiding" prevents their disadvantage from being strikingly apparent, but it is not yet determined whether their law-abiding proclivity is cause or effect. A striking comment on this situation is afforded by a new-rich man's naïve boast: "Now I can afford to buck the law."

Difficulties in dealing with the poor are very much complicated in this country by the foreign element. Ignorance and fear combine with poverty to make the cases hard to handle. Many of our immigrants know the law only in its punitive aspect. They regard it as a small child views a policeman, as "something that will get you if you don't watch out!" Too often their encounters with the law, even in civil matters of contract or property transfer, leave them with this impression deepened. Too often cases among them are handled so roughly as to sow the seeds of radical discontent. Difference in the ability of classes to use the machinery of the law leads directly and inevitably to differences in the practical rights of classes in the law itself; and when the law recognizes and even enforces such differences between classes, the result is revolution.

The municipal legal aid bureau has been tried as a method of dealing with the condition that confronts us today. It is prompt in action and has the advantage of being easily set in motion. Such organizations are likely, in the course of operation, to strike so many practical snags that they throw themselves open to severe adverse criticism; but the necessity for them is so keen as to warrant infinite patience and study in the working out of details.

The purpose of the municipal legal aid bureau, as typified by the Philadelphia organization, was set out briefly by Ernest L. Tustin, director of the Department of Public Welfare, in an address before the American Bar Association of St. Louis:

> The duty of the municipality to conduct a proper legal aid department is just as much a civic duty as cleaning the streets and providing water. A bureau to investigate . . . impositions upon the poor, the ignorant and the foreigner, and to provide a proper and rational defense for men, women and little children without means, is just as much an obligation as to fill the office of district-attorney for the prosecution of crimes, or to provide a city solicitor to enforce health mandates.

Individual legal aid work has existed always. Private societies, branches of charitable organizations and departments of lodges and fraternities have all done good work in this regard, but such emergency methods have more the nature of partisan organizations in opposition to regular courts than of coöperative bodies. Frequently they add to the red tape tangle instead of untangling it.

The municipal bureau is also better than a private organization for psychological reasons. Many, when forced to go to a private organization for aid, feel even more keenly than before how menacing a power the law really is, and they incline to see themselves as reinforced in their opposition. They feel that they are in conflict with the law as law, instead of with a specific instance of wrong or misdemeanor; whereas the municipal legal aid department is a beneficent embodiment of the law which heretofore they supposed to be composed chiefly of policemen, jails and hostile judges. The fact that there is a department of the government

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itself especially for them arouses a spirit of confidence and coöperation that goes far toward the amicable settlement of claims.

Director Tustin tells the story of an Italian factory-hand who, through misunderstanding a salesman, had contracted, in all innocence, for monthly payments on some commodity. The payments were to be subtracted from his wages each week. But they were almost as large as his wages, and when he got hardly any pay, the Italian made trouble. He was carried off weeping and gnashing his teeth and dumped before a lawyer. A few minutes' simple questioning made the misunderstanding clear, the matter was adjusted, and the Italian's wife and children were saved from starvation. He sang paeans of praise about the great and good America and ended by saying: "Mister, if ever you want anybody to fight for your city, send for me and my friends." Director Tustin asks: "If the policeman who arrested the Italian had locked him up 'pending trial,' and his wife or one of his children had died of hunger or cold, is there not reason to believe that, suffering under the injustice of what he did not understand, he might have become one of the implacable enemies of the government?"

The judge in the legal aid office brings the disputants together, hears both sides and explains the matter. He expounds the case and tells the litigants how the decision of the law stands in the question, and how much it will cost in time and money to take the case to court. If he succeeds in bringing about an amicable settlement, he issues a certificate to that effect that has the force of a judgment. If he does not succeed, the case goes to trial in the usual way. Most disputes can be amicably adjusted by a third party whose business it is to explain the case to the litigants and to act as conciliator.

There are no representative authoritative figures at present available showing the cost to the city, based on population statistics, of maintaining a municipal legal aid bureau. The figures are difficult to compile and still more difficult to justify by tangible returns. The other municipal departments,—fire, sanitation, lighting, paving, education and recreation,—all have something to show for themselves. The returns of the city-operated legal aid department are the indirect ones of a satisfied citizenry and reduction of congestion (with its consequent delay and injury) in the overcrowded courts.

Yet even when every possible aid has been extended to a citizen unable to pay his own counsel, the question has only been shoved to the brink of the next precipice, for what is there in human nature to make an assigned counsel take the same live interest in the case as would retained counsel? It is true that this may be in some degree balanced by the fact that juries are prone to extend sympathy to defendants when it appears that counsel has been assigned to defend them.

Another problem arises in this question of extending legal aid to the poor, i. e., the tendency of the client himself to assume all the right of the case is with him, since he is being supplied with an advocate and cared for as if he was a person of consequence. "If I were not right," he reasons, "would they give me a lawyer? No. They would put me in jail."

The assumption of unfair influence on the part of the rich litigant, and of corruption of court officials is not always justified, though the man who has suffered through delays and defective legal machinery nearly always blames "the other fellow's money." As a matter of fact, our legal system is quite sufficiently absurd and ponderous to do all the damage attributed to it when normally operated. No need to "à bas!" the lawyers, who for the most part are caught up in the machinery, for men are operated by the law as often as the law is administered by men.

The Massachusetts Constitution (and nearly every state in the Union has the same provision) embodies the following statement:

> Every subject of the commonwealth ought to find a certain remedy by having recourse to the laws for all injuries or wrongs which he may receive in his person, property or character. He ought to obtain right and justice freely and without being obliged to purchase it; completely and without any denial; promptly and without delay; conformably to the laws.

By provision of the Bill of Rights, nearly every state guarantees the freedom and equity of justice. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States backs the state guaranty, and the right is inviolable—theoretically. It is a political factor as well as a legal conception. Upon it are contingent all our other rights. Under the government of these United States the rights to life, to freedom of thought and conscience, to social benefits, to home, wife and children, all depend on law, and this fact is continually insisted upon in court decisions, by statesmen, and by writers on social and economic problems. The statement that the best welfare and the greatest amount of happiness for every citizen of the nation can be obtained only by impartial administration of justice is accepted everywhere as a truism. It forms the backbone of thousands of political speeches each year. Yet we still neglect its practical application. And the summing up amounts to this:

There can be no democracy without reality of equality. The law, no matter how equitable in itself, cannot afford protection to all men alike unless the administration of justice (which alone gives effect to the law) is impartial and prompt.

In theory, the humblest citizen can invoke the protection of the law through the usual channels; he can obtain redress (in theory) for any wrong done him by any other citizen, no matter how rich and powerful that citizen may be. While this remains true in theory, we march directly toward anarchy. There is nothing that can save our country from a disastrous collapse of its vaunted democracy except the putting into practice of its Fourth of July orations.

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A TRIANGULAR DUEL

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

THOSE readers who still recall the celebrated triangular duel in which Mr. Midshipman Easy played a part may perhaps be reminded of it by the similar conflict in which three persons whose names are much before the world—Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. H. G. Wells and Sir Arthur Keith, the incoming president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science—have recently been engaged.

That Mr. Wells is the author of An Outline of History all the world is aware, and some will remember the castigation which it received from Mr. Belloc about six years ago in the columns of the London Mercury. Mr. Wells made a not very adequate reply; indeed it would have been difficult to refute the points brought forward by his critic. Recently, on the publication of the last edition of the Outline, Mr. Belloc returned to the fray with a series of articles which appeared in The Universe, a weekly Catholic paper published in London, in which he attacked Mr. Wells as an inaccurate writer of history, giving many hundreds of instances where his narrative was at fault. It was natural that Mr. Wells should desire to reply to these statements and equally natural that he should wish to do so in the columns of the paper where the attack appeared. We may regret — Mr. Belloc seems to share the feeling — that the editor of The Universe did not see his way to permit the reply to appear in his columns. He can certainly plead that, if he refused it, so did the editors of half a dozen other neutral journals, not considering, it must be supposed, that the duel was one which would interest their readers. Thereupon Mr. Wells issued his reply in a little volume entitled Mr. Belloc Objects to the Outline of History. Shortly afterward, Mr. Belloc's articles, slightly altered, also appeared in volume form under the title of A Companion to Mr. Wells's Outline of History. The public, therefore, had before it attack and reply.

Of these it may be said, to commence with, that the attack is free from personalities while the reply bristles with them. Further, there are hundreds of instances of bad history cited in the attack, not a single one of which Mr. Wells tries to explain or justify; in fact, as far as the history of the world goes, he let judgment go by default, and it must be supposed could not do otherwise. It would be hard to explain, for example, save by open confession of gross ignorance why he had used "Immaculate Conception" and "Virgin Birth" as alternative terms for the same event.

To Mr. Wells's rejoinder Mr. Belloc contributed a re-rejoinder in the shape of a little book called Mr. Belloc Still Objects to Mr. Wells's Outline of History. By this time, the historical sector of the battle-field having been evacuated by the defending troops, but one corner of conflict remained, and that was the treatment by Mr. Wells of the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Mr. Wells had held this up as the final word of biological theory. Mr. Belloc attacked him for ignorance of the fact that the value of this theory had been denied by many and discounted by far more. Mr. Wells declared in reply that Mr. Belloc did not know what he was writing about, and even that he had invented the counter-arguments himself. It was, of course, an easy task for Mr. Belloc to exhibit a list of writers of first-rate importance who by no means agreed with Mr. Wells on the subject of natural selection.

By this time the stage was ready for the appearance of the third duellist, and he arrived in the person of Professor Arthur Keith, F.R.S., president-elect of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and an anatomist of high distinction. Reviewing, in Nature, the leading English scientific journal, the three books named in this article, he made no reference to the historical matters they broached, but instead focussed his attention on the natural selection quarrel. The present writer is not going to discuss that question here beyond saying that if, as he most certainly does, Mr. Wells made a great deal too much of the theory, Mr. Belloc hardly put sufficient stress on the merits which it possesses. However, there is one point which emerges worthy of attention in connection with Sir Arthur's criticism—a point having to do with a work of the distinguished anatomist of Montpellier, Professor Vialleton.

Mr. Belloc quoted Professor Vialleton against evolution; Sir Arthur demurred. Mr. Belloc affirmed that he did so because obviously he had never seen the Professor's latest work on the subject. Sir Arthur admitted as much, and indeed from his later remarks it is clear that he had still failed to come in contact with the book, for if he had, a man of his eminence and experience would never have alluded to it as "a compilation."

The book in question is a massive work of nearly seven hundred closely printed pages dealing with the morphology of the limbs and limb-girdles of four-footed vertebrates. It is a marvelous piece of research, destined to remain a classic in its field. By no stretch of imagination could it be described as "a compilation." About two hundred pages of this volume are taken up by a Critique Morpohologique du Transformisme, which is a carefully reasoned attack on the modern doctrine of evolution. That is the book from which Mr. Belloc quoted; which, clearly, Sir Arthur had never seen; and which he described, as he himself will admit when he does see it, in very incorrect terms.

Sir Arthur proceeds to tell the world that he prefers

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Vialleton's earlier to his later ideas because they are more in consonance with modern thought. Of course if he is quite certain that modern thought is unquestionably right, then he can do nothing else than dissent from his scientific brother. But his major premise, that modern thought is unassailable when it affirms the truth of evolution, is one which cannot be said to be proved to a demonstration, and part of the case against it is this very book with which we are dealing.

It is a curious fact that men of science who would blush to find themselves ignorant of the exact feelings toward religion of, say, the Tehuelche, do not seem to feel any kind of embarrassment in writing of the Catholic Church, after all a biggish concern, without previously making any kind of an effort to find out what it teaches. For example, when Sir Arthur voices astonishment that Mr. Belloc, as a pious son of the Church, should venture to express himself as finding no religious difficulty in connection with evolution, he thereby proves that he himself has never seen the works of Dorlodot, Wasmann or even the humble writer of these lines. There is no law compelling him to know anything about these books, but there is at least a decent convention that a reviewer shall know something about a subject before writing about it.

Similarly, with regard to Mivart, whom Sir Arthur supposes to have left the Church on account of scientific difficulties. Nothing could be more inaccurate. The writer knew Dr. Mivart well. He never had the slightest scientific difficulty, and he himself told the writer that the then Pontiff sent him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy on account of his Genesis of Species—the only scientific book he ever wrote which might be supposed to run counter in any sort of way to Church teaching. Of course it did not, as has just been shown. Much later in his life, when Mivart unfortunately ventured into the fields of theology and eschatology, he did get off the track and leave the Church; but science was in no sort of way involved. Sir Arthur is here quite wrong. He is also wrong in the matter of Huxley, Mivart and Suarez, because he has read nothing but the cocksure Huxley account of the matter. The situation sums itself up as has just been said: It would almost seem as if many outside our ranks do not even want to know what we Catholics believe. Most emphatically they do not know, though they do not seem to consider that ignorance the slightest barrier to writing about us.

Mr. Belloc might have said some of these things himself in Nature, and would have said them much better than I can; but right on the heels of Sir Arthur's response to his criticism came the editorial comment: "No useful scientific purpose would be served by further correspondence on the points at issue." No doubt the editor considered himself justified, but it must be admitted that the descent of the guillotine was almost as inconvenient for Mr. Belloc as for some of the aristocrats of whom he has written in other works. The sage who can discover a formula which will induce men, especially men of science, to cast an eye over Catholic credentials and discover what we really have to say for ourselves, will deserve well of religion, for he will go a long way in the direction of the conversion of the civilized world—which wants it badly.

AN IRISH POET-SCHOLAR

By PADRAIC COLUM

IF ANYONE in Irish letters was heir to the humane tradition it was George Sigerson. He belonged to an epoch when a good Irishman might also be a good European. His university years were passed abroad, and Paris was always the metropolis of his world. Charcot was his master—Charcot the master of the new learning—and also his associate and friend. He had a correspondent in Germany in the great Mommsen, and correspondents in England in the persons of Lord Acton and Matthew Arnold. His profession was the most humane of professions—medicine. He was a scholar in what related to his profession; he was a scholar in literature—especially in Irish and Latin literature. And he took a helpful and reconciling part in the public life of his country: the poet-scholar of Bards of the Gael and Gall and The Poets and Poetry of Munster was also the writer of a report upon the treatment of political prisoners and of a History of Land Tenures in Ireland—a history written at Lord Acton's request and for Gladstone's use. A man of humane culture through all that he did or wrote, George Sigerson was soldierly through his soldierly forefathers.

As we read his occasional verse, shortly to be published in volume form under the title Songs and Poems, we constantly come upon some living part of our history. Here is a poem that was made on the bringing back to Ireland of the body of an exiled soldier—

> And the shroud of our nation's glory
> Her last brave hero's pall—

and as we read it we know that the famine is not twenty years in the background, and we know that loneliness lies on the land and the shadows of ruined homes. Nearly thirty years later, the ever-varying symbolism of Irish deliverance receives from this poet its most romantic embodiment in The Swans of Lir:

> Now some go east, and some go west,
> And some to feuds have gone,
> And men forget their lofty quest
> But still, the Swans live on:

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And still their song is in our souls—
O'er seas of freezing foam
We'll see the bright glad glowing light
When the Swans of Lir come home.

And then there is the song that was sung in many gatherings: the young men who sang it never thought that its writer was living amongst them—The Mountains of Pomeroy; it carries down from the past the gallantry of resistance.

Like Roger Casement's, like T. M. Kettle's, George Sigerson's name is there to show us how Scandinavian we are in our racial make-up. The Sigurd in his name shows that his stock was "Norse and noble." His forefathers must have been in Ireland from the time of the Battle of Clontarf, and yet he remained a miracle of atavism—a distinctly Norse type. He was proud of his ancestry, and proud of the Norse contribution to Irish culture. He would point out that the first poem in which Dublin is mentioned is a love-song made by a Norse king. He would remark that the epoch of the Norse kingdom in Dublin was a golden age in Ireland, and that it was disrupted by a usurper named Brian Boru. Naturally, too, he delighted in translating Norse poems that showed an intimacy with Irish life, and Irish poems that showed friendship for the Norse. But not only in his translations has he made this northern element felt. It is in his original poems—indeed it is most striking in certain of his original poems. There is a northern note that is very thrilling in the dramatic O Sister Dear; the northern note, too, is in the poems about the smithy:

Two friends he hath—two only—
Good hammer and sweet bird,
O sorrowful eyes! You tell not
Who may have been the third,
Or whether the thrush is singing
Of summers that bore no gloom,
Or whether it promiseth, sweetly,
A green bough o'er a tomb,
When still shall be the hammer,
Silent all within,
Hushed the weary clamor
And the noisy din.

There will not be found in the forthcoming collection any poem as poignant as O'Curran's Lament, or as brilliant as Cuchullain's Lament over Fardia, to name two of the famous poems of Bards of the Gael and Gall. But there are certain beautiful poems—poems that are an addition to Irish literature. As we read them it will be impossible not to think of someone moving through lofty halls and looking on possessions still left him—swords and steeds and the tokens of some recognized nobility. All that is said has the memory of a stately background:

The splendor of all splendors with her goes,
The ocean at her footfall thrills and glows!
Low music fills the wide air with delight,
For now wonder strikes the myriad chords of night!
O speed, Love! through the shadows from afar,
Thy coming is the coming of a star!
O speak, Love, and the night-storm flees away,
For thy smile is the sunshine of the day!

The poet of such stately words had, when he spoke them, a delivery that was at once ceremonious and precise, slow-moving and sonorous.

"In public speech, Sigerson had an art of his own," says Mr. C. P. Curran, in a memoir which he has aptly entitled Oisin after the Fianna. Mr. Curran's is an admirable description of Dr. Sigerson's method as he presided at the Monday evening meetings of the National Literary Society:

> How eagerly in that audience did we wait for the glancing irony which shot through the folds of his deliberate, ceremonious speech! . . . His massive speech advanced in the fashion of the classic phalanx, bristling with bright spears; and the rapid shafts of his wit lost nothing in effect from the contrast of humorous, twinkling eyes with the sonorous voice and the grave, courteous dignity of his bearing.

His wit and his courtesy come back to me from a little picture that I carry in my memory. . . . A very young writer has come from a house opposite "the Doctor's" in Clare Street. A meeting is being held there, but no provision was made for lighting the meeting, and the very young writer, leaving his colleagues in semi-darkness, has come across the street to ask for the loan of lights. "The Doctor" stands upon the steps of his house; a silver candelabrum, in which there are wax lights, is in his hands, and, as he passes on the lights, he says in that sonorous, rolling voice, and with the breathing-pauses which made his delivery so effective, "Mr.———, this is to have the sun borrow light from the moon." Thus he made his wit the courtesy of a kingly mind.

"The Doctor's" house was, as Mr. Curran has said, "like some Balzac interior. . . . French furniture of all the Louis and empires, French paintings and pastels, French miniatures and engravings." On Sunday evenings his friends would come to dinner to this house that was always lighted by candles. At tea in the drawing-room afterward the gathering became a salon. It was a house in which one would not look to see Bricru's Feast enacted. The sonorous voice of "the Doctor," his deliberate utterance, his wit that had its setting in courtesy, moderated all bitterly-held opinions. "We must not plagiarize from ourselves," I heard him say once, and people who wanted to repeat items out of a controversary that was going on had to think of something fresher to say.

He was near the span of threescore of years and ten when I first had the good fortune to be asked to his house; he was nearly ninety when I took leave of him for the last time. His face had pallor, his voice was slower, but there was no slackness in his intellectual powers on the last occasions on which I was with him. Indeed, at no time could I think of him as one

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whose vigor, wit, or understanding was abated, or the range of whose interest was in any way diminished. At eighty he was working on his translation of Sedulius, making those elaborate notes and writing that scholarly introduction in which he established the fact that the writer of the first Christian epic was an Irishman. He had lost no touch with the world; his only detachment was in the fact that he habitually neglected to cash cheques that were sent him.

When I remember that I would meet John O'Leary at his house in the early days, that I would meet Padraic Pearse there later, and that the last time I saw Roger Casement in Ireland was at "the Doctor's," I am impressed by the thought of how much of Ireland was included in his life—even in the segment of it known to one of my generation. With his broad shoulders and his silvery flowing hair, with his composed speech and his voice that had a tidal movement in it, he seemed like a survivor from some heroic prime. But he was not one to think of himself as a survival; he was in unison with every generation he lived among. Where now shall we turn to find so bountiful a mind, such unobtrusive loyalty to an unforgotten, lofty quest, such kindness and such courtesy? The Gaelic poet who praised his ancestor wrote words that have an image of him in them:

> The handsome hawk who towered the country o'er
> Top-spray of all who sprang from Sigerson Mor.

CROW WING WATER

By C. M. McMILLAN

MILE after mile of lonely prairie, curve after curve of tortuous, rutted wood-road, then comes the old dam at Crow Wing where the sluggish water slides lazily away, its work for man done. Some distance above the spillway the river broadens into a lake. Indians camp there in the season of wild rice; but at other times its shores are desolate. The lure of pike and crappie tempts only an occasional fisherman to labor in a flat-bottomed boat upward from the dam. Outside the little channel of clear water which meanders erratically from side to side of the broad stream, thick, slimy weeds clog the oars of the unwary sportsman until he pulls like a man rowing in mush, regretting pleasanter waters.

The shores of Crow Wing river are flat and featureless. In the morning, life pulses high near the sun-bitten banks. Otter and muskrat slip quietly through the reeds, the foul-smelling snapping-turtle lays her eggs in the sand, and the striped shite-poke is busy among the snails in the shallows. A constant thin piping sounds where small gulls dip and dart above the tiny floating islets of weed, a heron coughs raucously by the bleached grey skeleton of a fallen tree, and there are always the crows, wise, insolent, vociferous black rascals. It is only when night falls and the sky joins the water that the wail of a loon seems to break the silence of an empty world.

There is a house at Crow Wing dam, set in the deep sand, so close under the road curving steeply down to the bridge that a car, overturned, would crush in the roof. Covered with tar-paper, built for a temporary structure, it is stained and streaked by the rain and snow of years. The bank, rising abrupt and bare to the road, shelters it from the winter on two sides, and tiers of cord-wood, double protection against the bite of the wind, almost hide the third wall. Nets are drying on the woodpile, and a few chickens peck about the sand and hop upon the boats drawn up for hire.

There is a man at Crow Wing, his face and clothes weathered to the color of the sand. For hours every day he sits tilted back against the house, chewing and whittling, or leans idly on the rough fence above the sluice, throwing pebbles at the turtles. When the slither of wheels in the sand and the grind of brakes announce the arrival of a fishing party, his faded eyes brighten in eager anticipation and his lax muscles tighten. For a moment there will be man's talk, of big strikes that broke the tackle, of frog bait, of small hooks for the paper-mouthed crappies. When he dips a pail of minnows for their use, they will pay him, too, the cash that means tobacco and sugar.

There is a woman at Crow Wing. Sometimes, not often, she rents the boats. Her words then are few, as though she grudged the low sounds. Usually the visitors see only a shadow moving behind the curtainless window, or catch a glimpse of a shapeless garment as she strides swiftly away from them through the sand-burrs to the hidden clearing where her garden lies.

The woman at Crow Wing is neither young nor old. Broad of shoulder, strong and supple, she cleared with her own axe the ground where she works tirelessly from the early summer dawn to the late northern twilight. Down the long path with empty buckets, and up again, carrying the river to the thirsty ground, hoeing until the enclosure is as clean as her spotless kitchen, she does not stop to enjoy the reward her garden returns for her care. Like the gaze of a creature straining at a leash her absent eyes leap past the glow of her flowers and the earth-bound promise of winter good, hastening down some road whose end is not in her garden.

There was a boy at Crow Wing once, when the house was new, when there were curtains at the windows. The man and the woman and the boy painted the boats together, with incessant chatter; for the boy was very merry, eager, like his mother, cheerful, like his father, and above all young, so young. The sunfish, spinning globes of gold and blue on his line, were earnest of twenty-pounders to his brown fingers. Adventure always lay in wait for him behind the singed tamarack tops where the crows cawed derisively, just out of range of his unready rifle.

It was almost sunset before anxiety at his absence set them calling and searching, and morning before they found his boat. It had drifted a long way from the place where a wounded crow still floundered among the deceitful green hummocks of a greedy bog. There they found the boy's hat; and there at last the unwholesome mire gave up its secret, the latest defeat of life in its ceaseless battle with the earth.

The shores of Crow Wing grow dim behind the mist. The rented boats have all come in. Their heavy anchors were thrown on the sand an hour ago. The last car has ground its way up the road, and silence comes, the silence of an empty world. The man yawns and stretches and goes into the clean kitchen to mend a net by lamplight. It is too dark to work in the garden. The woman at Crow Wing stands motionless in the darkness, staring upstream toward the distant bog.

The title page and index for Volume V of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume V in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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POEMS

The Church of the Apple Tree

(In earlier penal times, Mass was said in secret places in Ireland, with sentries posted to give alarm of the persecutors. This old wild apple tree was shown me when a child, by the sons of some who had worshipped there.)

Alone within a lonely glen,
  Still stands the flowering apple tree,
Beloved of birds, revered by men,
  The haunt of many a bee.

From heathy hills, a living brook
  Soft-singing comes by night and day,
Then goes, with farewell lilt and look,
  Its far sea-seeking way.

Now shadows through the shadowy vale
  Come silent round from far and near,
And through the twilight silence pale
  The priest's low voice we hear.

"Introibo—I will go
  Unto the Altar of my God"—
It stands beneath the branches low
  A grey rock on the sod.

"To God"—quick comes the answer back—
  "Who maketh my youth glad!" they cry:
Their feet may tread the felon's track,
  Their hearts are lifted high.

The lark shoots up—a thrill of love!
  The sweet-toned robin softly calls,
And from the flowery dome above
  A shower of fragrance falls.

The seasons pass, the summer's spent,
  The frozen leaves drop, dead and sere;
Through wailing woods the winds lament
  The waning of the year.

Now snowflakes shroud the apple tree,
  But through its branching bars,
Those kneeling there look up and see
  The shining midnight stars.

"Come, O ye Faithful! gladly sing"—
  What reck they now of storm or swords—
"Good tidings of great joy we bring,
  This day was born Our Lord!"

The angels answer from the sky—
  Their white wings guard the lonely glen—
"O glory unto God on high
  And peace on earth to men!"

The scenes recede: the visions pass;
  Hate dies as dies a darksome pest,
And still love flowers above the grass
  Where our forefathers rest.

GEORGE SIGERSON.

Charlotte Brontë at the Confessional

When you were heartsick for the bloom
Of heather and the gold of broom,
And Brussels yielded not a clod
To purple sprig or golden pod,
You looked with grave unbelieving eyes
On Things still strange to Paradise.
But while you knelt before the screen,
Wondering what his prayer might mean,
He lifted from his weary neck
The violet stole. Ah, did the beck
Run icily across your mind?
Did tang of heath sweep down the wind?
A single beam on purple cloth—
Night dropping softly as a moth—
And glowing in the chancel's gloom
Dusk of heather, gold of broom,
Color and scent of Haworth moors,
And beauty for a moment yours,
Oh, there God took you by the hand,
Charlotte, who could not understand.

MARY H. DWYER.

Conclave

I should attend the conclave of the bees
  And agile butterflies if I would know
All of the golden summer secrecies
  That now elude me and evade me so.

I should be friendly with the dragon-flies,
  And make the cricket my close intimate;
I should be listening when the hyla cries,
  And hark the shrill cicada at my gate.

I should be present where wasps build their nests
  Beneath old granary eaves—observe the whir
Of shadowy moths when twilight veils the crests,
  And follow the spry vaulting grasshopper.

If I would solve sweet summer's secrecies
I should attend all conclaves such as these.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

When We Have Pondered

When we have pondered through how many years
We live to shape one thing a dream conceives,
We wonder that One who designed the spheres
Could draw the lace-like tracery of leaves,
And turn from stars and winged cloud-caravels
And mountains lilting onward into space,
To shape the lily-of-the-valley bells
And paint the rapture of a pansy's face.

The airy hammock of the oriole
Swings through the storm that topples walls of stone,
And down in secret tunnels of the mole
Is blindness sure as sight that is our own—
And, pondering, we are no longer willed
To tear apart what we cannot rebuild.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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PLAYS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

By R. DANA SKINNER

(This is the first of three general review articles by Mr. Skinner on the 1926-27 season in the theatre.—The Editors.)

ABOUT the time that the leading newspaper critics insist on a vacation, the New York season officially closes—only to reopen the next week with that queer brand of entertainment known as "summer shows." One is now privileged to speak of "the past" season and to include in its scope every play produced since July 1, 1926. I say "privileged" advisedly because in many respects this was one of the most unfortunate seasons the stage has seen in several generations. There were many plays produced which for sheer vulgarity or general perversity of theme it would be hard to find a recent parallel. On the other hand, we cannot afford to overlook, by way of comparison, a few works of extraordinary beauty and interest which, through the curious law of contrast, chose this of all seasons to emerge.

In this category, we have notably the Walter Hampden production of Caponsacchi, and the Eva Le Gallienne production of the Spanish play, Cradle Song. Of the two, I am sure that most people will agree in finding Cradle Song the better play—not so much because of its dramatic qualities (as commonly understood, it had none) but because of its fine gradation of character study, its sensitive perception of values, and its daring departure from the superficial laws of dramatic action. Caponsacchi, on the other hand, was distinctly a melodrama in form and a rather crude one at that, but redeemed and lifted quite high through the sheer beauty of thought pervading it. Neither play would have met the demands of the ordinary Broadway producer. It makes a doubly interesting comment on the mentality and judgment of these producers that both the above plays were marked successes in a year when 138 of the 195 plays produced were failures. No one is more certain that he understands what the public wants than the average commercial manager. And no one more consistently provides what the public shows it does not want than this same omnipotent being.

Of course the commercial manager might say in rebuttal that many plays selected for praise by the so-called "high brows" were also on the failure list—notably White Wings by Philip Barry, God Loves Us by J. P. McEvoy, and Mariners by Clemence Dane; the first produced by Winthrop Ames and the other two by the Actors' Theatre. Now, if the truth must be told, none of these was really a good play. There are certain elect people who believe that every play with an interesting idea must be a good play. Unquestionably, Philip Barry had a delightful idea in White Wings—the fanciful story of a family of street-cleaners whose traditions of service ran back for many generations. But he managed to spoil the effect by opening his whole bag of tricks in the first act, and by endeavoring to mix a real emotional quality with highly artificial comedy. This same mixture of elements was largely responsible for his failure of a year ago, In a Garden, which also received praise from the élite. In the case of God Loves Us, Mr. McEvoy disclosed a very keen sensitiveness to the sad flutterings of the defeated people of the world. It was a play with many very fine passages. But it was also depressingly one-sided. The greatest fault of so-called realistic drama is its lack of inclusive realism. It generally fails to penetrate the curious idealism which hovers in even the humblest minds. It lays enormous stress on outward happenings and almost never includes the intangible forces which work for regeneration. I am sure that Mr. McEvoy's idea was better than his expression of it in the play. But no play could be really effective which asks an audience to read the author's mind. The object of any play, no matter what its type, is to create the illusion of reality. It is not enough only to hint at reality.

The chief drawback in Mariners was the author's selection for its heroine of a type of woman so far removed from common experience as to destroy any universal feeling in the play. This woman was an excellent candidate for an asylum. If you will scan the list of plays that have endured for years or for centuries, you will find that no matter how strongly individual their characters become, their emotions and thoughts are those shared by the vast multitudes of people. I do not mean that their particular experiences are common to everyone in a physical or objective sense. But we generally find that what these characters do thousands of others have at least been tempted to do, so that the motives are understood by the audience and the experiences of the characters shared in imagination if not in fact.

Among the playwrights who achieved special distinction this season, the name of Paul Green naturally takes first place as winner of the Pulitzer Prize. His play, In Abraham's Bosom, was a remarkable contribution to the folk drama of this country as expressed in the life of the southern Negro of a generation ago. Mr. Green undoubtedly has qualities of poetic imagination and dramatic rendering which will shortly enable him to challenge the position of Eugene O'Neill as the premier playwright of the country. O'Neill himself fared rather badly this year in having no new play produced. The manuscript of Lazarus Laughed—a play scheduled for production during the middle of last winter—indicates that Mr. O'Neill is departing from the characteristic simplicity that his earlier work possessed and is striving to give a more ambitious rendering of mystical themes.

Another American playwright, Sidney Howard, has turned frankly into a showman. I strongly suspect Mr. Howard was born a poet and has suddenly become afraid of his birthright. His two great successes of the season, The Silver Cord, and Ned McCobb's Daughter, both produced by the Theatre Guild, were well-executed plays with extremely interesting themes whose inner values he hardly touched. One constantly had the feeling that Mr. Howard knew more instinctively about the characters he portrayed, but lacked the poetic daring to give his knowledge full expression. His treatment of the theme of selfish mother love in The Silver Cord was distressingly superficial. And on many occasions he sacrificed sincere characterizations to the creating of a laugh. Something of the same defect appeared in Ned McCobb's Daugher where the theme was the struggle between the character of New York's East Side and the character of the Maine coast. This play literally fell to pieces in the last act due to the supposed demands for expert showmanship. Mr. Howard can hardly hope to come into his own as a playwright of real distinction until he finds courage enough to deliberately risk a failure. One feels that such a play, when actually written and produced, will be his greatest success.

George Kelly's contribution to the season was Daisy Mayme, a play of comparatively little theatrical interest although a distressingly accurate study of intensely mediocre people. Mr. Kelly is, of course, much more than an expert dramatic photographer, but unless he returns to themes which have a little more of the exuberance of The Show-Off he risks losing much of the magic of his earlier work.

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COMMUNICATIONS

OBI IN THE CARIBBEAN

Owego, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In my article, Obi in the Caribbean, the word "obi" is used precisely as Mr. Joseph J. Williams intimates, and deliberately "extended from its own technical meaning to every form of West Indian witchcraft or superstition." I used the word because it is the common term for such matters in the Lesser Antilles, and as such is comparatively familiar. The article was written from information gained at first hand on the ground, and was in no particular derived from the hearsay of West Indian Negroes, solely.

If Mr. Williams is familiar with Spanish, he will be aware that none of the three modern seaports from which the term I used, i. e., "Cartagène," might be derived, is pronounced like the word in quotations. The three ports in question are Cartagena, seaport of Murcia, on the Mediterranean; Cartago, previous to 1823 capital of the Central American state of Costa Rica; and the Cartagena which he and Mr. Guiterman have in mind, i. e., the capital of Bolívar, in Colombia. The actual pronunciation (which I rendered by the civilized form "Cartagène" in my article) involved the English "g" sound, as in gin. I could have rendered the pronunciation thus: "Cart-a-gin." Moreover, all three terms are derived from antique Carthage, the Carthage of Hannibal. The first-named was founded, 243 B. C., by Hasdrubal, and was called Carthago Nova to distinguish it from Old Carthage; the second was named by Vasquez de Coronado about 1563, and the third in 1553 by its founder Pedro de Heredia. Both the last-named derived the name from ancient Carthage, possibly through the Spanish seaport of Murcia already mentioned. Cartago in Costa Rica was several times plundered by buccaneers, and so, as well as Colombian Cartagena, "has certain historical associations with piracy."

Of course my article was intended to be merely informative and popular. Certainly I made no attempt to write a disquisition upon the variants in African magical practices, with their tribal sources and precise terminology. And if the records of The Revolt of the Mercenaries (from which Flaubert derived his background for Salammbô) come near representing the mind of non-Carthaginian Africa of that era, then the term "Carthaginian" as an opprobrious epithet had a wider usage than the Roman dislike for that Syro-Phoenician race of sea-robbers to which Mr. Guiterman alludes. If my ancient Santa Crucian crone had said something like "Cart-a-hin," then I should at once agree that I had gone too far back. As she did not, I am far from convinced that my inference was incorrect. It is, of course, purely a matter of opinion.

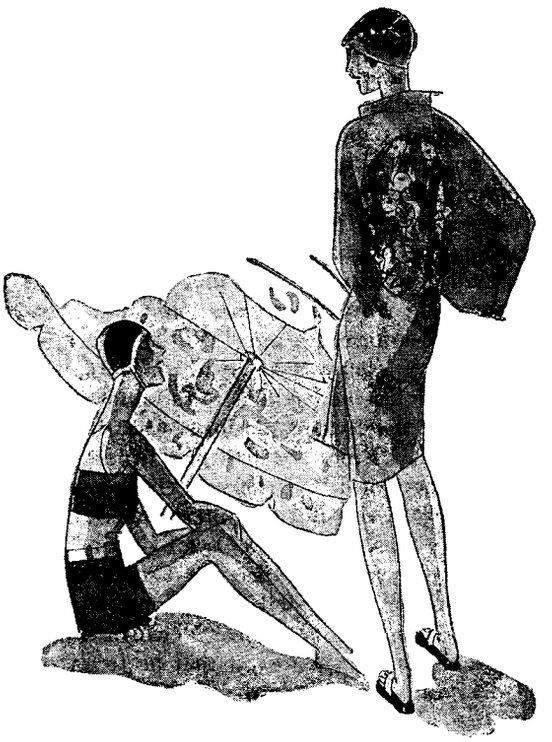
REV. HENRY S. WHITEHEAD.

REVIEWERS' ETHICS

Ottawa, Canada.

TO the Editor:—I was very glad to see, in your issue of June 1, Mr. Woodlock's criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's application of the word "devious" to the mind of Saint Thomas Aquinas, in his review of Mr. Chesterton's new book. I think, however, that Mr. Woodlock might very properly have also criticized the reviewer's ignorant reference to "the mystic monism of Mariolatry." A gentleman ought to be able to review a book of this kind without flinging such ancient epithets at the largest section of the Christian Church of today.

M. J. GORMAN.



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BOOKS

Memories and Opinions, by William Barry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

THIS book is a notable record of fifty years of service to God and humanity, and might appropriately be called Canon Barry's valedictory to the vast audience which he has reached through his gifted pen.

He was born in London of Irish parents. After attending a neighboring school until he was fourteen years of age, he went away to Sedgely Park School in the Midlands. He had a natural capacity for friendships which developed very young, and grew with his years. At this time the Civil War in America was attracting world-wide attention. The school director, seeing how well-informed young William Barry was on the subject of slavery (he was an ardent abolitionist) suggested that he give some instructive talks to the students on that topic. His entry upon the lecture platform was therefore made at a very early age. From the first he turned eagerly toward events in the new world. "I can scarcely remember the time," he says, "when America did not interest me."

From Sedgely Park he went to Oscott College, which was the centre of Catholic thought when the Oxford Movement was reaching a crisis. Here, he tells us, his dedication was to those supreme masters of English prose, Newman and Ruskin. It was during his last year at Oscott that he received his first intimation of vocation, through the reading of The Inner Life of Lacordaire. It made a powerful impression on him and led to his making a vow that he would serve the Church with zeal and loyalty. He adds: "Who could rise up more grandly among living champions of our creed than John Henry Newman? . . . He appeared to me like an angel whose lot had been cast among mortals, but went to and fro by himself, thinking, praying and adoring in his own unique way."

A new scholarship at the English College in Rome was created in 1868, and William Barry carried off the coveted prize. The English College in Rome, where he was installed, was originally a hospice, and afterward became a sort of embassy. The university that the students attended was the Roman College of the Society of Jesus, which he commends thus:

"It would be hard to find a parallel for this Jesuit institution anywhere else in Europe. Its professors were the choicest which the Society could appoint, among them men like Padre Secchi, whose achievements in astronomy have borne the widest consequences; and in theology, Franzelin and Tarquini, who were raised to the Sacred College. Palmieri and Ballerini teaching dogma and morals—men who enjoyed world-wide fame."

Those were stirring days during William Barry's first year in Rome, when the 750 bishops called by the Holy Father from all over the world, to debate the question of infallibility, began to assemble. In his brief description of the opening service, Canon Barry puts an explanatory label on some of the prominent persons in attendance, not omitting our own Cardinal Gibbons. As he passes in review, the Canon salutes the colors thus: "America was attending for the first time, America the destined heir of us all." The council met for the last time July 18, 1870. As soon as the result of the vote was made known, the great dome of Saint Peter's resounded with the cry of "Credo," and the vast audience sang the Te Deum. Who would have dreamed that within a few short months the Italian army would be clamoring for entrance at the gates of Rome?

On May 11, 1873, William Barry was ordained in Rome and, having received a Doctor's degree, turned his face toward England, where he was to serve as a missionary priest. He was immediately appointed vice-rector of the new seminary at Alton, his work being to teach philosophy. He now made the acquaintance of William George Ward, editor of the Dublin Quarterly Review. It was from this publication that he first received recognition as a writer, retaining his connection as a contributor for half a century.

After his first visit to Oxford, the university became to him a classic shrine. Over the professor's chair at Alton there constantly hovered a dream that some day he might be able to live near this great institution. In 1883, the dream came true. He was appointed rector of the little church of Saint Birinus at Dorchester, a town within walking distance of Oxford. As the church was endowed and the parish small, his parochial duties were light. "I could now," he records, "fulfil my true and in some sense my unique calling, which might be defined as a literary apostolate."

It was in his Dorchester rectory, Bridge House, that he wrote his Life of Newman, which appeared in 1902 and drew from the London Times the statement that its author was the English Sainte-Beuve. Here, too, he produced his Life of Renan. Through this biography there runs a sympathetic note, as if he felt a certain tender pity for his subject. Scientist and biographer were both of Celtic descent, which gave them great fluency of expression; both had delved deeply into German thought; one had gone through the ordeal unscathed, while the other had lost his faith. Both were great classical scholars, but Renan had not the versatility of Canon Barry. To prove this, we have only to recall the varied list of books that the latter wrote during his twenty-five years at Dorchester. There were sacred books like the Traditions of Scripture; there were purpose novels like The New Antigone and The Two Standards; historical works of the nature of The Papal Monarchy; and biographies of the spiritual insight of his Life of Newman and Ernest Renan.

In 1893, Canon Barry was offered the chair of literature in the Catholic University at Washington, and came to the United States to look over the ground. After some deliberation he decided not to accept the honor, and returned to his Dorchester hermitage. America was the loser by this decision; but English literature was the gainer.

In 1908 he was made canon of Saint Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, and removed to a larger field of parochial duties at Saint Peter's, Leamington. He still kept in touch with literary work through his regular contributions to the Dublin Quarterly and National reviews. The world war found him actively engaged in ministering to the Belgian and Polish refugees who had sought a home in Leamington, and writing The World's Debate, that masterly work which went through three editions in this country in a very short time.

Though physically incapacitated by an accident with which he met on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, he courageously set to work to give us a retrospect of his life-work in the form of an autobiography, which is marked by great clarity of expression and beauty of diction. I once heard Wilfred Ward say to Canon Carry, that "his erudition was almost irritating." It sometimes made his work rather heavy for the average reader. However, it was not pedantry, but rather the tendency of a full mind so richly stored with facts that allusion to them cropped out with every turn of his pen. With the unaffected simplicity of the truly great, he sums up his life-work as follows:

"So far as depended on me, my life has not been a failure. On the contrary it exemplifies once more Goethe's canon of

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success, by which aspirations are converted into acquisitions. I never cared for rank or rule, or a front seat in the synagogue, and as I went on learning, I saw that popularity would not fall to my share. Yet I have had my recognition."

ANNA MITCHELL.

The Immortal Marriage, by Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

VERILY, our classic heroines are coming into their own again—or if not exactly their own, at least into a new and highly romantic popularity. This time it is the peerless Aspasia, who has been written down in history as mistress of the peerless Pericles; although she might quite as justly be called his wife, since it was merely the hapless convention of Pericles's own statute forbidding marriage between an Athenian and a "foreigner" which prevented his subsequent union with the brilliant Milesian from being quite as regular as any known to the Greeks. At any rate, the story is one of the great romances of antiquity, and one is surprised that it has not oftener found its way into novel and drama and poem.

Mrs. Atherton has evidently been at enormous pains to verify the historical setting of her theme—and quite as evidently, she has been (as who can fail to be?) deeply under the spell of Attic beauty. Perhaps she has been just a little too determined to ignore the other side—Attic ugliness. For if, as she carefully points out, Aspasia was a magnificent innovator in insisting upon equality with her lover, and in trying to mitigate the ignorance and subjection of Athenian women so that they might supplant the increasingly sinister sway of the beautiful youths, the inference is all too obvious. Nor is the picture of a Greece where unwanted babies were still "exposed," and the orgies of the Dionysian revels still indulged, likely to convert us to her own somewhat condescending attitude toward Christian spirituality and introspection. "Giotto lived in a gloomier town than Euripides, but in a gayer universe," remarked the wise Mr. Chesterton once upon a time. And after all, one wonders if the Periclean dramatists did not know more of the mysterious "education of suffering" than this modern interpreter would have us believe.

It is as inevitable as it is unfair to compare this revised version of Aspasia with the recently revised Helen of Troy—not altogether to the advantage of the former. Dr. Erskine, manifestly believing that the fundamentals of human nature change little from century to century and that the superficials are unimportant, treated his theme in a vein of Shavian irony and insouciance. He gave us a Helen at once enchanting and exasperating—but a Helen so thoroughly understandable that she made young Paris and old Menelaus understandable, too. Mrs. Atherton, on the other hand, seems determined to paint her models as naturalistically as possible. And yet her Aspasia somehow fails to make either herself or her love-story quite credible. She is the "star of intellectual Greece," we are told; she is regnantly fair and invincibly charming, we are told. But we did not have to be told anything of the kind about Helen!

It is curious to find so facile and accomplished a novelist as Gertrude Atherton failing in precisely that vivacity of manner and vitality of characterization which one has grown to associate with her name. Her book succeeds in telling a fascinating story, but its style seems to be rather weighed down by the burden of historic detail.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

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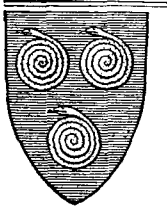
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Eucharistia, by Joseph Kramp, S.J. St. Paul: The E. M. Lohmann Company.

EUCHARISTIA is a book of essays on the Holy Eucharist. The translation from the German is done by Father Busch of the St. Paul Seminary. The seven chapters are a treatment of the Eucharist under the triple aspect of Sacrifice, Sacrament and Real Presence. The description of a papal Mass in the eighth century lends a patch of color to the opening pages, and the closing pages offer a plan of Eucharistic education. In particular, the book is fitted for teachers of Catholic youth and for students of the liturgy; in general, it will be helpful to all who wish to come closer to God through the Holy Eucharist.

The author visions an approaching springtime in Catholic life. Its centre will be the Holy Eucharist. In order that this awakening of devotion may bear fullest fruit, the book traces the plan it should follow according to the mind of the Church. Devotion must center first and foremost around the Mass, then around the Holy Eucharist, regarded as the Sacrament, which nourishes our souls in Holy Communion, and finally around the Holy Eucharist under the aspect of the Real Presence abiding on our altars. The heart of the book is the insistence on this order in devotion to the Holy Eucharist: first, the Mass; second, Holy Communion; third, Real Presence. The lesson is timely. Today there is a tendency to depart from the practice of the early centuries, when the Mass was supreme, and to place the Sacrament aspect of the Eucharist before the Sacrifice. This lesson of the book applies to those Catholics who believe that the chief reason for coming to Mass is to receive Holy Communion. It applies also to those who gain a quarter of an hour's time in the schedule of the day by receiving Holy Communion before Mass. The tendency of this practice is to obscure the fact that in Holy Communion we receive Christ under the aspect of the Divine Victim sacrificed on the altar; moreover when Holy Communion is changed from its logical place, we are apt to use our time at Mass as a thanksgiving for the Sacrament, rather than as a time to offer the Sacrifice in union with the priest.

There are some inaccurate statements in the book, which need correction. It is not true to say that the Mass in its liturgical form is essentially eucharistic or thanksgiving. Nor is it correct to say that the general idea of our union with the Godhead is the dominant motive of the entire Sacrifice of the Mass. Our Lord's answer to the question of Saint Philip in the fourteenth chapter of Saint John's Gospel shows the need of revising the statement: "The Father is not more present in the Eucharist than He is by His omnipresence in the place which the monstrance occupies."

With regard to our children in America, a change is suggested in the following: "There seems to be a sort of agreement that ten years is a suitable age for First Communion." The definition of sacrifice: "Sacrifice is the offering to God of a visible gift in order to render Him homage as Supreme Lord," does not include the note of immolation, which in a real or mystical manner is an essential part of sacrifice.

FRANCIS X. SHEA.

The Poetical Works of John Gay, edited by G. C. Faber. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

NONE of the early poets was so lucky in his name. It has done much to keep John Gay's fame alive by titillating the curiosity of posterity, by holding out promises of amusement and wit which are not altogether unfulfilled in his pages.

Born in 1685, the son of a good family, he was apprenticed as a silk-mercer in London. However, after he met Pope and Swift and won the admiration of these difficult gentlemen, he was soon in the heyday of fame, the companion of dukes and duchesses, who at the end accompanied his dead body with tears to its stately resting place in Westminster Abbey in 1732. "In wit a man," Pope prepares his epitaph, although Dr. Johnson denies him the dignity of genius. Austin Dobson, who affirms that permanent literary merit is lacking in his Fables, grudgingly admits that they have given pleasure to several generations of readers and have enriched the English language with more than one indispensable quotation.

Heretofore there has been no really satisfactory text of Gay's collected works, although The Beggar's Opera has been often reprinted. There is much that is negligible in this complete edition of Gay: little that strikes one as highly witty, but some moderate humor which may be well illustrated in his quaint lines of Epitaph:

"Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Every word she e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of God, the good dean did endeavor,
But still in her heart she held nature more clever.
Though he talked much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better fun.
For the dame by her skill in affairs astronomical
Imagined to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despised every soul she met here,
And now she's in the other, she thinks it but queer."

THOMAS WALSH.

The Ardent Flame, by Frances Winwar. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

THE quaint quotation, "dark with excessive bright" is strikingly apposite in any descriptive valuation of The Ardent Flame. That the unhappy far-off tale of Paolo and Francesca, immortalized by many poets from Dante to D'Annunzio, remains a powerful, dramatic story, is again exemplified by this novel. Frances Winwar, Sicilian-born, as was Francesca Vinciguerra, has used a pronounced sense of word beauty, of word color, and a style that beats in perfect rhythm with her subject-matter. It is dark, tempestuous, overhung with sullen foreboding, shot with "fragmentary blue." Blue, the escapable blue of pagan Italy, of mediaeval Chartres, is the color with which the artist, who is also the author, has illumed the lowering and misty background of her picture.

Always the sense of impending doom hangs over the great grey fortress, with its gay gardens and falling leaves, its funereal cypresses and cedars, set high above the shimmering Adriatic. Always it thunders on the left! Here again these familiar characters—admirably re-created for the scene—act out their unforgettable drama; Paolo, surprisingly become like Benedick, a married man—lithe, lovable, predestined; Gian, that revolted angel, "who measured the world by the length of his sword"; Francesca, the golden eaglet of the Polentani, with her beautiful, useless hands.

Whatever gods there be, stalk heavily, relentlessly. Then—". . . the play is ended!"

MARTHA BAYARD.

The Commonweal would greatly appreciate the receipt of copies of Number 13, Volume V, from any of its readers who may possess extra copies of this number.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"In these days of freedom there is nothing that we cannot discuss even at the formal dinner-table," remarked Hereticus, opening fire on Britannicus and Doctor Angelicus, who were comfortably ruminating under their respective electric fans. "The younger the party the greater the freedom: the five senses and now the five facets of our comments. Humani nihil a me alienum puto."

"You are associating too much with the best-selling novelists; remember how I warned you against their professional outlooks," grumbled the Doctor, only half aroused.

"This freedom, in a way, is merely an Elizabethan revert," declared Britannicus gravely. "We show our advance only in our intricacies of statement: a spade is now an agricultural device; a bad breath is deftly discussed as halitosis."

"The final touch of delicacy in most of our moderns is concerned with odor," declared the Doctor. "A caterpillar in the soup is less offensive than a social contact with the garbage man, and the young intellectual speaks less and less of his cold morning plunge, which seems to have gone out of fashion since the death of Richard Harding Davis and the coming of the literary mystics. However, the advent in our midst of Lucien, grand coutourier, seems to threaten the secrecies we observe with our sense of smell: he proclaims the ensemble of the costume and the odor—'of course there are scents, exquisite in themselves, but not conceived from the point of view of the coutourier'—in announcing the launching of his Modulations A, B and C: 'My A is a regal odor for the evening. It is a scent worthy of an extreme formality, it supports a mood of high social exaltation. My B is a hopeful merry scent, appropriate for the afternoon costume. My C scent is joyous as sunshine, which it suggests. Pour les sports.' He sums up his pronunciamento with the avowal: 'Suffice it to say for the moment, that I have found a new principle of mathematical and logical exactitude. I have, in effect, created three perfumes that correspond to the primary colors of the scale—red, blue, yellow.'"

"We have returned to the perfume concerts and symphonies of my Parisian years in the 'nineties," said Britannicus. "The scene shifts from the aeolian halls to the palazzos of Fifth Avenue dressmakers. What do you say, Doctor?"

"I rarely enter the latter places, as you may imagine, my friend, if you will consider a while. All I know is that there are some psychological as well as physiological questions vaguely involved here. Just before my time in London society, I recall there was a charming old gentleman whose eccentricity—whether based on fact or not, I cannot say—consisted in the firm belief that his person exhaled the odor of flowers. It became the habit of his friends, knowing, or perhaps sharing in, his persuasion, to comment, on his entry to the drawing-room, on the strong flowery perfumes they sensed. For instance, one old duchess exclaimed in his presence: 'Why, what a delightful scent of violets!' Whereupon the old gentleman, with a courtly bow, declared: 'Your Grace, it is only your humble servant.' Ex uno disce omnes."

* * *

"We have all been impressed by the flamboyant splendor of recent American middle names, by the recondite exquisiteness of Sister Mary Hortensia and Brother Francis Eudoxius; and sighing under these illuminated (and perhaps necessary) nomenclatures and hyphenations, we have leaned in affection toward the Paul Joneses and the John Smiths which were so often

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the original baptismal clips of our floriegated acquaintances. At last we have a court decision in the case of Hattie Davidson v. Claude Henry Taylor, January 12, 1927, by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, declaring that Claude Taylor, although quietly omitting his middle title of Henry, entered fully upon his rights of title. It seems that the common law recognizes but two names: the first or Christian name and the family or surname, and that this has been the principle adhered to by all our courts, supreme, federal and state, both in civil and criminal procedure. In future, let not my friend, T. Delpuenti Smiggins, refuse my letters addressed to Timothy S., nor B. Cavandish Casey object to my missive for Birgitta C. A glance over the Social Register will reveal a field of desolated splendors in the removal or suppression of these bifurcated glories: the Smiths may mourn and the Browns hang up their harps in Babylon. The T. Woodrows and T. Charleses are once again the Tommies I knew as boys: the Donns become their old-time Percys: the Joyces are once more Alfreds. What a débâcle, what a holocaust of vanities! Savonarola, Fra Marco, are you dead so long!"

* * *

"Have you signed up with the Simmons Fellowship for the Study of Sleep, Doctor?" brusquely inquired Hereticus, on finding the Doctor bent over his manuscript.

"Not yet," replied the startled old gentleman. "Even old Homer felt he was entitled to his forty winks, and your little ironies flick me painfully at these moments. You know that I am pragmatically interested in sleep, but the results of my investigations have been rather meagre. I have been accused of snoring and talking in my sleep. I have no evidence to offer either in admission or rebuttal. However, I must object to such trivial questionnaires as, Why Should We Move in Our Sleep? I merely reply, Why Shouldn't We? I am glad to see that science has made up its mind that the pre-midnight-sleep-for-beauty theory is a false one, but I am puzzled by the Fellowship's views on the menace of the mattress and efficiency in bedding. I entertain, no doubt, some valuable thoughts on these subjects, but as they come to me usually in my sleep, I am unable to communicate them to you in these wakeful hours. See if you can procure some answers from me when you next find me sleeping."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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